

THE LIGUORIAN



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Give Us This Day

Our daily bread, give us this day, O Lord, —
Not cloying sweets to hunger unabating,
Nor viands rich, enfeebling without sating,
But with Thy strong plain bread prepare our board.

Our daily bread, give us this day, O Lord, —
Not for the morrow pray we hunger's need,
Not for the heaped up granaries of greed,
Today we ask by bread to be restored.

Our daily bread, give us this day, O Lord, —
Not us alone who pray before Thy altar
But all the poor, the weak, the frail who falter
Revive with bread from thine unending hoard.

* * *

Our daily bread, bread for our bodies, Lord, —
But O, not that alone our hearts do plead;
Than bread that perishes, our greater need
Is bread that can eternal life afford.

Thou art the Bread; Thy Body fills forever —
Give us this day our banqueting on Thee;
Give us this day this last Satiety —
"Who eateth Me, grim death shall taste of never!"
— *D. F. Miller.*

FATHER TIM CASEY

FEAR VS. PURPOSE

C. D. McENNIRY

"FATHER TIM, dear," said Mrs. Monogue, "what do you think of this young lady of ours, setting herself up as a grand theologian to tell the rest of us we know nothing about our religion!"

"Who? Mary Rose?"

"Not Mary Rose. Though that would be bad enough, God knows. No, not Mary Rose, but little Monica herself, if you please. Didn't she tell us last night that we shouldn't go to confession anymore."

"Father, please, I did not say that. I said, if they were like me, I did not see how they could. When we go to confession we have to say: 'My God, I am sorry for my sins because they have offended thee, who art so good . . . I firmly resolve, with the help of Thy grace, rather to die than offend thee again.'"

"Well, can't you say that?"

"I can say it easily enough, but I cannot mean it. And so I do not see how I can go to confession."

"You mean you are not sorry for having offended God? You intend to go on offending Him?"

"Oh, I am sorry all right. And I do intend to try my best not to offend Him again. But — Father, this is my difficulty — I don't want to die."

"Confession has never killed anybody yet."

"I do not mean that, I mean I have such a dread of death that if they were to say to me: Commit this mortal sin or we will murder you, I am afraid I would commit the sin. And so I cannot say I will die rather than offend God again. Then how can I go to confession?"

"I told her," said Mrs. Monogue, "just to be sorry and to make up her mind, that, with God's grace, she will not offend Him again — not to bother too much about the words. We can sing: 'I love Thee so I know not how my transports to control,' even though we know we have no transports that need controlling. So too we can make an act of contrition and go to confession even though we do not mean all the words and are not just ready to die."

"Your advice, Mrs. Monogue, is sensible and practical, but the reason you give is wrong."

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"You see, mamma, I told you. Singing a hymn is not like reciting the act of contrition for confession."

"Monica is right, there is a difference. That hymn is just a sentimental rhyme, over-sentimental, in my opinion. Nothing depends on it. You can sing it or not, just as you please. And if you do sing it, you can bother about it or not, just as you please. And if you do sing it, you need not bother about the meaning of the words. But your act of contrition for confession is different. You must mean what you say, otherwise your confession is bad."

"And so I must make up my mind to die, even amid the most horrible tortures, rather than commit another mortal sin! Why, Father, I am afraid I shall have the same difficulty as Monica."

"You must," said the priest, "be resolved, with the help of God's grace, never to commit mortal sin again for any reason whatsoever. That is Catholic doctrine. But, Mrs. Monogue, this is no new doctrine for you, neither is it so appalling, if you stop to examine it. God is your Creator, your supreme Lord and Master. He is infinite beauty, infinite Holiness, infinite Loveliness. He deserves, He has a strict right to your complete submission, to all your love. To commit mortal sin, that is, to offer a deadly offense to this all-perfect, all-holy God, is the greatest of all evils. You see that, do you not?"

"Yes, Father, surely. That is what we have always been taught and have always believed."

"Now suppose you have had the misfortune to commit this evil against your God, will He ever forgive you and receive you back to His love?"

"Yes, if I regret it and sorrow for it and detest it."

"How sorry must you be?"

"I must be more sorry for my mortal sin than for any other evil because it is far worse than any other evil."

"Would it not be sufficient to say: My God, I am more sorry for having offended Thee than for any other evil — except one or two that I dread especially?"

"No, no. It would be an insult to the infinite God to say such a thing."

"Correct. You detest your mortal sin more than any other evil. Therefore you mean to avoid it more than any other evil. That follows naturally, does it not?"

"Yes, if I can."

"But you always can avoid mortal sin. Mortal sin is in the will. Nobody can force your will. Therefore you can always avoid this greatest of all evils — with the help of God."

"I SEE, Father. As you said, this is no new doctrine; however it seems to take on a new meaning in the light of Monica's difficulty. Like her I have such a horror of death, especially of certain kinds of death, that maybe I am not resolved to die rather than commit mortal sin."

"This is Friday. Are you firmly resolved not to eat meat today?"

"Certainly, Father."

"Even if your mouth were watering for a juicy beefsteak?"

"I would not commit a mortal sin for a piece of beefsteak."

"Don't you know that you could not resist the temptation without help from God, grace from God?"

"Yes, I know that. I know I need His grace to resist every temptation. But I am sure God will give me the grace, especially if I ask Him for it."

"You are sure that, if you ask for it, God will give you the grace you need *today* to resist your hankering for meat and thus avoid a mortal sin. Why are you not equally sure that, if you ask for it, God will give you the grace to overcome your fear of death, should it ever happen that you need it to avoid mortal sin?"

"I suppose I should — but that would be a much, much bigger grace."

"Is not God all-powerful? Could He not give a big grace as easily as a small one?"

"Yes, Father, I suppose He could."

"You *suppose* He could? You *know* He could. And furthermore you know He will give you such a grace whenever you need it and ask for it."

"Yes, Father."

"And you are determined to ask?"

"Yes, Father."

"There," cried the priest, "the whole problem is settled. When God sends a powerful grace you can overcome any temptation with comparative ease. God will surely send this grace when you need it and ask for

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it. You are determined to ask for it. Where then is the difficulty about making a firm resolution to avoid mortal sin?"

"It does look very simple when you put it that way. And yet — and yet —"

"And yet what?"

"I still wonder whether I have the courage right now to submit to a painful death rather than commit a mortal sin."

"I don't suppose you have. You would need a powerful grace from God. He is not giving you that grace now because you do not need it now. The only grace you need now is the grace to overcome your hankering for a piece of meat. He is giving you that grace. If ever — which is most unlikely — the hour will come in which you will have to choose between death and mortal sin, He will give you that grace in that hour."

"**B**UT Father," Monica objected, "my difficulty regards right now. It is right now that I must make my firm purpose never to commit mortal sin. I picture the death I might have to die, and I find that I have not the courage to say: I will accept that death rather than sin."

"Don't picture death. That is inviting an unnecessary temptation. God is not obliged to give you grace to overcome unnecessary temptations. For you it is better to drop all mention of death in your act of contrition. Do not say: I am firmly resolved rather to die than offend thee again. Say rather: I am firmly resolved, with the help of Thy grace, never to offend Thee again. That is enough — without uselessly exciting the imagination by picturing difficulties which may never occur. Don't cross the bridge before you come to it. You know God will give you the grace to avoid mortal sin in any temptation that is going to come to you. Simply make the resolution, with the help of that grace, to avoid *all* mortal sin, and let it go at that."

"Father, I have another difficulty. I am afraid I *may* commit another mortal sin, and I dare not go to confession if I am afraid I may commit sin again."

"Why not?"

"Because it is a bad confession unless I have the firm purpose of never committing another mortal sin. But if I am afraid — that proves that I have not a firm purpose."

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"My child, it proves nothing of the kind. You are mixing up the present with the future. The firm purpose of amendment refers to your disposition for the present. You can be quite sure what it is. Whether that good disposition is going to continue always in the future is something you do not know. Therefore you can be quite sure that you are now firmly resolved never to sin and at the same time fear that in the future your disposition may change."

"Thank you, Father," said Monica, "I am glad to know it is possible to make a firm purpose of avoiding mortal sin even though I *fear* I may sin in the future. Now I should like to know whether it is possible to make a firm purpose to avoid mortal sin if I am *sure* that I shall sin in the future. I have a special reason for asking this. We have been trying so hard to get Vera's husband to go to confession. He is really a prince, so fine and true except while he is drinking. He always says it is no use — he couldn't make a good confession because he is sure that, in spite of his good resolutions, he will fall again."

"Why is he sure? Is it because he will not make up his mind to pray, to keep away from the dangerous occasions, and to use the means necessary to avoid sin? That is spinelessness. Or is it because he believes that, even though he prays, shuns dangerous occasions, and uses the prescribed means, he will nevertheless be unable to avoid sin? That is making a liar of God, who has promised the victory to all who do these things. That is despair."

"Father, I do not think it is for either of these reasons. He simply judges from what has always happened in the past that, no matter how firm his resolution, he will surely fall again in the future."

"Then there is no sense in his staying away from confession — confession which would be such a powerful factor in his reformation. Let him put aside all doubts and go regularly to confession. Whoever is faithful in praying, in avoiding dangerous occasions, and in using the means prescribed by the confessor, will surely be able to overcome temptation, irrespective of how often he may have fallen in the past, irrespective even of how often he breaks these good resolutions in the present. Let him make up his mind once more that he is going to be faithful in these things, and his purpose of amendment is sufficient for a good and fruitful confession," said Father Casey.

THREE GRADES OF CATHOLICS III

D. F. MILLER

Grade A

1. Makes sacrifices regularly to give something for the relief of the poor and neglected
2. Gives to the poor secretly so that no one but God and those helped know about it
3. Acts toward poor people without affectation, patronizing, or superiority.
4. Is not overconcerned about creating a fortune for self or children
5. Is content with moderate living quarters and surroundings
6. Gives cheerfully and enjoys it
7. Lives happily
8. Has many friends and true
9. Dies without fear

Grade B

1. Gives to the poor under pressure and then what can be spared without discomfort
2. Insists on recognition for everything given in charity
3. Patronizes the poor as belonging to a different caste
4. Is eager to "get ahead" which means to get more money in the bank
5. Wants to "keep up with the Jones's" and is always scrambling and scheming for something better
6. Gives with a groan and bewails it
7. Lives restlessly
8. Has friends who must be watched
9. Dies with torment and bitterness

Grade C

1. Does not believe in giving to the poor because they are responsible for their poverty
2. Gives only when it will mean publicity and self-advertising in return
3. Avoids the poor when possible, and looks down on them when they can't be avoided
4. Believes that the only evil in the world is to become less rich than one is or can be
5. Must have the best for self—the biggest home—the biggest car—the most servants
6. Gives "lectures" rather than money to the poor who ask for it
7. Lives miserably
8. Has no friends
9. Dies with a fortune but without friends and without peace

NOVEL-READING MADE EASY

Instructions to be taken to heart only by those hardy, energetic characters whose souls burn with a restless ambition for higher things. (Oh, yeah?)

L. G. MILLER

EVERYONE who wishes to go about in society today must have done a certain amount of novel reading, and it is to those who feel the lack of this accomplishment that we offer the following hints and remarks. Many have perhaps longed to be novel readers, but have never known just how to approach the problem. Should one assign ten minutes a day to the task, or work at it for, say two days at a time? How many novels must one read in order to merit the name of novel reader? How can one take part in a society discussion of the latest novel? Questions such as these are a source of torment to many. Let us attempt to furnish some sort of answer to them.

To begin at the beginning, we shall suppose a person setting out from his or her home in order to purchase his or her first novel. There are several techniques for the purchasing of a novel which have been found successful, and others which are hardly to be recommended. The first technique we shall mention consists simply in allowing the girl behind the book counter to choose the novel for you. This system has the advantage of simplicity, and it shows great openmindedness and lack of prejudice on the part of its user, qualities, I may remark, which are none too common in our day.

"What's a good novel I can buy?" you ask the girl behind the book counter, a pert and pretty young gum-chewer with mauve fingernails.

"*Slave of Passion* is awful popular," she replies. "I've never seen a book sell so good."

"Did you read it yourself?" you ask.

"Well, no. I haven't got the time. I'm here all day, and at night there's always a date or something. But the way it's been selling, it must be good."

Having thus satisfied yourself as to the book's real worth, you lay your three dollars on the counter, and take the aforesaid novel home with you. The task of purchasing a novel is thus triumphantly accomplished, with a minimum expenditure of effort and energy.

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But there are some who prefer to take a more active and personal part in the purchase of a novel, and for them we suggest the following technique. Let them go into a book store, and approach the counter upon which lies a miscellaneous collection of novels. Generally a sign will state whether the books on the counter are novels or not, but it is well to be careful about this point. Some have been known to use our technique, only to find upon their arrival home that they had purchased not a novel but a book on economics or some equally useless subject. Such persons should blame not the system, but themselves, for not making sure that they exercised it over the novel counter and no other.

Standing before the novel counter, you run your eye over the collection of books that appears before you. The dust jackets of these books, you will notice immediately, are highly colored. All those with only one color represented, you immediately dismiss. Your task thus simplified, you now begin a search for the book whose dust jacket 1) has the most colors represented, 2) is the most brilliantly colored. This may require a little time, but the result will be well worth the effort, and besides, the attendant will get the idea that you are a real connoisseur of books.

When you have found the object of your search, you ruffle the pages, noticing that the print is nice and large, and then hand it to the clerk, saying with a knowing smile:

"Here's a book I've been wanting to read for a long time." This completes the second technique.

FOR those who wish to choose a novel according to its contents and subject and author, we can only issue the warning that this technique can be used successfully only by the most advanced novel readers, and we disapprove of it strongly for all but a few as being in general productive of no good result. There is, however, a technique of choice based on title and author which should commend itself to many. According to this system, one looks for some resemblance between the title of a given book, and a particular fact or scene with which one is familiar. For example, one picks up a novel whose title is: *When Lilacs Are In Bloom*, and one realizes at the same time that lilacs are one's favorite flower. It would be indeed rash and regrettable not to purchase the book after an omen like this. Or one searches among the names of authors until one finds, let us say, a novel by Emil Schmalz. This calls

to mind the fact that Schmalz is also the name of one's family doctor. Again, only a very obtuse person would fail to purchase a book after such an indication of its worth.

We might note here that the third technique we have mentioned above can be put into effect also in public libraries, in case one is not in position to purchase a novel. Technique Two, however, is not feasible because in libraries the dust-jackets are generally removed from the books before they are put on the shelves; and Technique One had best be used with caution, because the librarian is likely to be an elderly person, and if you leave the choice to her, she is liable to recommend some stuffy old novel by Walter Scott or Charles Dickens. Imagine spending an evening with a book of that sort!

WE NOW approach a very important phase of our subject, i.e., the actual reading of the novel once it has been purchased. Too many potential novel readers do not realize the importance of this phase. They successfully carry out the first phase, but then they are content to rest on their laurels, and they forget that a certain amount of actual reading of the book is not only extremely important, but we might almost say essential for the completion of the process. We offer here a few suggestions as to how this phase, which many find difficult, can be made as easy as possible.

Those who are fortunate enough to be attending classes in our higher institutions of learning have opportunities not given to all in this matter. They have those long and sterile periods given over to the lectures of their professors during which to advance themselves culturally in one way or another. Many girls, of course, utilize this time to improve their skill in knitting or crocheting, a pursuit which adds immeasurably to the grace of the tender sex. But for girls who cannot knit or crochet, and above all for boys, where can be found a more profitable time for their daily 15 minutes of novel reading? After they have finished copying their assignments for the next class, let them compose themselves with their novel. It is a time of relative quiet, and the voice of the lecturer will soon cease to annoy them, if they studiously apply themselves to the task in hand. Class periods for such ambitious young men and women become vital elements in the attainment of culture, and besides they will be much sought after by their companions for their intelligence and cleverness.

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For most of us, alas, our happy and carefree school-days are over. For the ordinary adult, therefore, perhaps the following suggestions will be found useful. The most suitable posture for novel reading is, of course, the horizontal or semi-horizontal. One should stretch oneself out full length on a bed, sofa or divan, with one or two pillows (depending on their size) behind one's back. Comfort is essential, and it may take some time before the proper degree of ease has been reached. Beside the bed, sofa or divan there should be a low table upon which is to be found 1) a dish of apples, or 2) a box of chocolates. There is a school of thought which favors the former, and another school which favors the latter. Personally, I lean to a compromise in the matter. In my opinion, there should be both a dish of apples *and* a box of chocolates, for then, if one tires of the apples, one can always fall back on the chocolates, and vice versa.

Not far from the bed, sofa or divan there should be a radio. Before one assumes a reclining posture, one should carefully tune in upon a suitable musical program, adjusting its volume so that it is neither too loud nor yet too soft. This music will form as it were a background for one's reading, so that if one's intention flags in the middle of a page or even of a sentence, one can always lean back, close one's eyes, and be refreshed. It will be interesting too at times to see if one can divide one's attention equally between the reading and the music. The attempt may be found rather excruciating at first, but, like walking a tight-rope, the accomplishment depends only upon a certain amount of practice.

LET us suppose that all these preliminaries have been attended to, and the actual reading is about to begin. Grasping an apple firmly in the right hand, and taking a preliminary bite out of it, one opens the book to its title page, and notices carefully its title and author, if this has not been done before. Many a pleasant train of thought is likely to be suggested by the title page, but one should firmly put such thoughts out of one's mind after not more than five minutes, indulgence in them, and turn to the first page of the text. Here the spade work actually begins, and we can only urge the prospective novel reader to apply himself diligently for fifteen or even twenty minutes until he has finished, let us say, the first two chapters.

Having advanced this far, one can rise with the consciousness of a duty performed from the bed, sofa or divan and prepare for the real

business of the evening, i.e., attending a party or visiting one's friends. And among one's friends will be enjoyed the fruits of one's labors. We submit a sample of a discussion of a sort in which you can proudly take part, if you have carefully followed the procedure outlined above.

"I'm reading the most wonderful novel," you can say, when you have arrived at your friends' house and have taken off your wraps. "It's all about the Civil War, and a romance between a Yankee soldier and a girl that he meets in Charleston. It's really a wonderful book."

"What's its name?" they will ask you, admiringly.

"*Slave of Passion*," you reply, confidently.

"Oh, I'm reading that too," your friend may say. "Didn't you just adore the scene where the old Colonel talks to Charles and Lucinda under the eucalyptus tree?"

"Yes, that's a wonderful scene," you reply. As a matter of fact, you haven't come to it yet, because it is described in Chapter 15, and you have only just finished Chapter Two. But of course you don't let on. "I liked that scene better in Chapter Two," you say, "where the old negro mammy meets Charles under the magnolia tree and tells him that Lucinda is really in love with him. Don't you think Charles is just wonderful? He's so manly and brave."

And as you gaze around the room, it will be a moment of triumph for you. Some of those present will not be as well read as yourself, and they will show by their manner that they recognize you as their superior. Then you will be glad that you have expended so much time and energy in securing a novel and patiently reading its first two chapters. Cultured society would quickly fall to pieces if some of its members were not well read, and by your own unaided efforts you have helped to forge another link in the living chain by which culture is passed from one generation to another.

The Sad Case of Alice in Wonderland

"With regard to Alice in Wonderland, the book certainly shows preponderant oral sadistic trends of cannibalistic character." *Dr. Paul Schildre at the meeting of the American Psychoanalytic Association.*

Is it the jabberwocky you have in mind, Doctor, or the frumious bandersnatch?

Three Minute Instruction

ON SEX INSTRUCTION

Secular magazines and periodicals have been interesting themselves more and more in the problem of when and how instruction in matters of sex should be given to young people. As in most topics that have a moral angle, there is much confusion of thought, not to say impractical and harmful philosophy current on the subject. Here are two Catholic principles to be borne in mind:

1. Public non-religious discussions of sex matters for indiscriminate groups of boys and girls in class room or other gathering places do more harm than good. There are two main reasons: 1) because this subject needs a religious background if a boy or girl is to acquire not only knowledge of it but a binding sense of moral responsibility as well. The most dangerous fallacy in the world is that which assumes that scientific knowledge of sex matters will prevent tampering or experimenting with sex; 2) because such public discussions go far to remove the sense of privacy and modesty from sex matters which nature has designed as one of the most powerful protectors of youth. When that is broken down by making the subject as commonplace as arithmetic, sin can easily become commonplace and uninhibited too.

2. The primary obligation of supervising sex instruction belongs to the parents. It is for them to judge when a boy or girl needs it or will profit by it; it is for them to bind up the subject with religious principle; it is for them to add practical guidance and advice in accordance with the particular environment of their children. If they feel incapable of discharging this duty, they may delegate it to another — pastor, confessor, teacher — but they should insist that the instruction be given not publicly or in common with others, but personally and privately, and with the moral and religious angles always dominating.

These two rules are sufficient to save most boys and girls from the danger of false notions given them by others, and the equal danger of being led by their own ignorance into sinful ways. Nowadays above all Catholic parents should take their obligations seriously. There are a thousand ways in which children can become misinformed and misled in this all-important matter.

AN ABANDONED HOUSE

If houses could talk, there is many and many a house that could tell a story, or two and three stories like this.

C. DUHART

THE other day I heard someone say that I was an eye-sore, that I ought to be pulled down, my walls torn apart and thrown into the discard. It was not the first time I heard such sentiments expressed, but at each hearing, a fresh, sharp pang of grief strikes my heart.

For they awake memories of days which used to be—days when I was in the glorious prime of youth, an object of admiration to the passerby, a possession of pride to my owner. Had my services of shelter and protection been rewarded with their due measure of gratitude, even in my old age, I would never have become the object of contempt and derision I am today.

* * *

“Young men see visions and old men dream dreams.” The day of my visions has long since fled, but some faint aroma of that glory which is gone lingers on as a reminder of what used to be. I am in my dotage, my decline, and my life is all in the past—dreaming dreams.

How fresh in my mind is the memory of the earliest days of my youth, of that glorious day when, fair and blooming, I welcomed into my arms two of the happiest creatures ever placed by God upon the earth. I was the creature of their minds, and of their hearts—they had planned me, designed me. They had spent long hours discussing my appearance, and the garb I was to wear.

I was no tiny flat destined to house a family which was never intended to exceed two or three members. I was large and full, abounding in delightful nooks and corners, replete with personal touches which made me unique, different than every other house in the neighborhood—marked clearly and definitely as the home of this glorious maiden and clear-eyed young man.

I knew from the first that mine was to be a glorious destiny. I was to hear the sound of children's laughter, and feel the touch of children's feet—I was to be that most noble of beings—a friend to children—one to whom they could do what they wished. I say I knew

this destiny was to be mine from the very beginning, because my hero and heroine often spoke of the future and in their picture of the future there was not a single line drawn which told of selfishness. The future about which they spoke was all made up of children's faces — and in their plans I was to play a noble role in the future!

How to select from all those scenes of the dead past which tumble over themselves and flood into my recollection! They were not all scenes of unalloyed joy — but there was not a single scene which was clouded over by the dark pall of selfishness. Joy and sorrow, happiness and grief — they were all there. But now as I look back upon them all, I cannot say which were sweeter and more charming — the joyful scenes or the sorrowful ones, for sorrow and misfortune always revealed some glorious new qualities in this family of mine.

THERE was the day the first child came into the family. I know from hearing the mother of this home talking to the children at her knee about heaven that the greatest joys of this life are only the faintest reflection of the least joy of heaven — but I wondered at the time whether heaven could hold greater happiness than I witnessed when I folded my arms around a real family for the first time. This child was not a wedge separating husband and wife, but a golden clasp uniting them even more closely together. I noticed this same phenomenon as each new member was added to the family. They seemed to realize what an almost inconceivably glorious thing they had accomplished together, and I heard them whispering once of what a tremendous dignity it was to participate in God's creative power.

There were clouds of misfortune, clouds even of misunderstanding, but I have always thought that something would have been lacking in this family without the shadows. For they always revealed some new pleasant trait which might never have been exercised without them. After a quarrel, it was never a question of which one could hold out the longer, but of which could make the first advances for a renewal of harmonious relationships.

No one could claim that happiness reigned in this home only because good fortune was always its portion. During some years the heavy billows of misfortune beat lustily against it but discovered a bulwark too strong to be overcome.

There was the day, for instance, when the father of the family

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came home, and announced to his wife that through some twist of fortune for which he was not responsible most of his possessions had been lost. That night, if he had not realized it before, he discovered the priceless worth of the Queen of his home. For though poverty would mean great changes in her manner of life and she understood that to the full, her words had not been about that but only of sweetest consolation for his misfortune.

There was that other day when the broken body of the second boy of the family was brought home on a stretcher. It had been an automobile accident. If I had ever deemed myself fortunate in being the dwelling place of this family before, I felt triply fortunate now. Every member of the family was at his or her best. There was no loud wailing and crying out against the justice and wisdom of the God Who guides the universe, nor was there a stubborn, stoical acceptance of the misfortune as a result of a blind, unavoidable Fate. They were all grieved, deeply grieved that one they loved so tenderly had been snatched from their midst.

But their grief was unselfish, for they thought more of the one they had lost than of themselves. They whispered little incidents which proved his goodness. They spoke of how that very morning he had received his God into his heart in Holy Communion. They yielded their right to the possession of such a treasure and admitted that God to Whom he belonged even more closely than to themselves should have him rather than they.

DARK days — bright days. Sad days — joyful days. And still, strange as it appears, they were all happy days. There were the individual triumphs at school in which they all participated. There was the day when the eldest boy revealed to them that he felt himself called to the priesthood.

Years crowded out the years. The day came of the eldest boy's ordination to the priesthood. And they all wondered why God should have given them such glory and such happiness. I could have told them.

All the children in the family were grown up now. Theirs had been a happy childhood and youth — a childhood and youth which had demanded many sacrifices of them because of their brothers and sisters — but a childhood and youth which had led on to an unselfish manhood and womanhood. One by one they left me, not because they had tired

of me, for often did I hear them say "What a good home this has been to us!" One by one they left their parents, not because they had grown weary of them, but because they knew their duty in life had called them elsewhere.

But there were the frequent visits back to the old home. There were glorious days when all the family gathered together around the great table in the dining-room — gathered together not one family, but many. And again I smiled upon childish toys and childish games and my walls rang gleefully with childish laughter. And in my heart I knew that all this happiness of all these people could be traced back to the young man and young woman whom years before I had folded in my embrace.

Finally the family which inhabited me was reduced to three members, the old father and mother and one son who had gladly devoted himself to care for them. And they decided that I was too large for them, and that they should seek a smaller dwelling. I was grieved to see them go, and they were grieved to leave me. They had made me so happy, and they were kind enough to say that I had been a good home to them. I have never seen them since; but one thing I do know is that wherever they are, they are happy, because they carry happiness in their noble hearts!

IT WAS less than a year later that I was inhabited again. I had matured since that day long ago when I first fulfilled the purpose of my being. But my family had been kind to me, they had kept me in good repair, and my wardrobe in style with many a coat of paint. So that there was still some attractiveness left about me.

The day this new couple came to take possession of me I knew I was in for a life different than the glorious one which had been mine. They too were a newly married couple, but one look at them convinced me that they sought in marriage something quite different than did my first husband and wife. It was not long before I knew that the greatest glory of a home was no longer to be mine — that I would not look upon the smile of a child. I heard them say that children would interfere with their pleasure, would come between their love for one another. How I longed to shout to them how dreadfully wrong they were — how they were flirting with marital unhappiness! But though my walls had ears to hear what went on within them, and though my doors

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and windows had eyes to see what went on within them, I had no tongue to warn others from the depth of my experience.

All too soon I discovered how justified were my fears. The first bliss of married life passed—the first quarrel came and was never quite healed. The novelty and freshness of each other's company wore off, and there was no child's heart, by their own selfish agreement, to bring it back to blooming life again.

I saw the clouds of jealousy and discontent arise—black, heavy, lowering clouds, which portended real danger. I saw them much less in each other's company. They each had their own circle of friends. They spent much and then most of their time away from me. Days passed from month's beginning to month's end without their staying together one evening within my walls. They hardly seemed to care for each other—and they certainly did not care for me.

I ached to whisper to their hearts that I could and would make them happy—that I could and would offer them the answer to the question they continually thought to themselves: "What is wrong with our married life?"—that I could and would give them what they were seeking in vain through all the highways and byways of the world. I longed to say to them that the brightness of a child's smile and the joyfulness of a child's voice would touch chords in their hearts that would sound sweet music, and disperse the clouds which hung so low over them and threatened destruction.

But perhaps even that would have been useless—for they were so heavily wrapped in their own self-conceit, so entrenched in their own selfishness that no voice of warning could have pierced that terrible barrier.

Finally what I had feared, and what I could have predicted with the unerring certainty of a prophet came to pass. They decided that life together was unbearable—though truthfully not much of their life had been led together—and they agreed to get a divorce.

Once again I was vacated but this time there was no sharp pang of grief in my heart which had been there when my own dear family had bidden me adieu. But there was a heavy sadness in my heart as I looked upon these two misguided souls, for I knew that their lives were ruined.

NO ONE who passes me by today pauses to think of the things that I have seen. They merely laugh at me and wonder why some

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wind has not demolished me, why the city authorities permit me to encumber the ground.

But I — when I look out upon the thousands who pass me by — am not so self-centered. My experience has given me a facility for reading hearts — and some of the hearts I read as men and women pass me by, are full of stories of unhappiness and of dreams never come true. I could help them if only I could speak. But even then they would not listen to me!

Sometimes I smile in my heart when I hear people talk of what a useless pile of sticks and stones I am. For I know with a conviction which cannot be attacked that I have fulfilled my destiny — something which they cannot boast. And sometimes I am conceited enough to glory in my relationship to a certain sacred house, because once I held within my arms a family very similar to the family of Nazareth.

The New Poetry

In a book called "New Directions—1938" published at Norfolk, Conn., the following is presented as a charming specimen of the New Poetry: It is entitled "Pastoral," and is by a Japanese writer named Takesi Fuji:

*After snow
I climb a plant by elevator
And pursuing the eloquent fishes
Visit a town
Where the vowels are sweetly pronounced.*

A charming specimen indeed — of the new chaos.

Relativity

Definition of a deck of cards:

To Puritans — a passport to hell.
To gamblers — a pledge of wealth.
To drugstore dealers — money on the shelf.
To the superstitious — the gift of prophecy.
To magicians — tools of a trade.
To you and me — a deck of cards.

EXAMEN FOR LAYMEN

Previous issues of THE LIGUORIAN have carried examinations of conscience on faith, hope, love of God, reverence for God, and the positive duties of charity. Next month's examination will be on justice and honesty.

F. A. RYAN

LAST month the examination concerned itself with the positive obligations of charity that are common to all. Among them were almsgiving, assisting others in danger, warning others, correcting others, preventing the sins of others, forgiving others.

There is also, however, a negative side to charity deserving of a complete examination in itself. In other words, besides commanding many things, charity also forbids many things, and these latter are its negative obligations. If we are bound to love our neighbor, which means to wish him well and to help him attain happiness, then of course we are forbidden every act that would contribute to his unhappiness or ruin.

Sins against charity fall under one of these heads: hatred, slander, detraction, scandal, cooperation in the sins of another. Each one has a wide variety of possible applications, most of which are touched upon here. This examination should of course not be separated from the one that preceded.

I. MORTAL SINS

1. Have I hated others, which means actually and deliberately wishing them grave harm on earth or the loss of their souls?
2. Have I callously rejoiced over the serious misfortunes that came to others, not because they might be turned away from sin thereby, but because it pleased me to see them suffer?
3. Have I sought opportunities to revenge myself on others by inflicting serious pain on them?
4. Have I slandered others, i.e., attributed serious sins to them which they did not commit, or of which I had no evidence?
5. Have I ruined the reputation of others, telling their secret serious sins to persons who could not otherwise have known and who had no reason to know these sins?
6. Have I lied in order that I might gain from another's serious loss?
7. Have I directly desired and tried to lead another into sin, because I wanted to turn him away from religion?

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8. Have I induced another to sin to gratify my own passions?
9. Have I tried to induce another person to sin seriously, even though I did not succeed?
10. Have I advised or otherwise induced persons to practice contraception, or abortion, or to get a divorce and remarry?
11. Have I taught employees or others under my supervision how to cheat in business for the sake of profit?
12. Have I sold or given away obscene magazines, bad pictures, or contraceptives, or other things designed for sin?
13. Have I destroyed or lessened the faith of others by speaking contemptuously about religion, or the Church, or priests, etc.?
14. Have I advised or encouraged Catholics not to send their children to a Catholic school?
15. Have I urged another to keep on drinking until he became intoxicated?
16. Have I sold liquor to persons when I knew they were already intoxicated and would keep on drinking, or when I knew they were about to become intoxicated?
17. Have I committed a mortal sin that did not involve others, knowing, however, that my example would probably lead others to do the same?
18. Have I given occasion to evil thoughts in others by gravely immodest dress, looks, words or actions?
19. Have I cooperated with another in the commission of sin, such as stealing, by providing the necessary means or the necessary occasion?
20. Have I helped doctors perform illegal operations, or businessmen to consummate unjust transactions, or heretics to spread false doctrines?
21. Have I assisted at the invalid marriage of a Catholic before a judge or a minister, or taken part in any non-Catholic religious ceremony?

II. VENIAL SINS

1. Have I been touchy and sensitive towards those around me?
2. Have I permitted jealousy of another who was promoted ahead of me to show itself in my conduct?
3. Have I refused to cooperate with others in a work we were given to do because I did not like them?
4. Have I engaged in petty gossip about my neighbors?

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5. Have I told my friends the unkind remarks others made about them, thus fomenting ill-will?

6. Have I attributed bad motives to others when I could not certainly know their motives?

7. Have I hurt others by my flare-ups of anger and impatience?

8. Have I made cutting, sarcastic remarks to others?

9. Have I contributed to the venial sins of others by unreasonably teasing or annoying them?

10. Have I lessened the fear of sin in others by thoughtlessly making light of some sin?

11. Have I led others into venial sin by suggestion or bad example?

12. Have I prevented others from performing a good work by dissuading them from it?

13. Have I committed venial sins in the presence of children, knowing that they would probably do the same?

14. Have I approved the venial sins of others by providing them with justifying reasons?

15. Have I failed to remove the possibility of scandal being taken from some good action of mine, when I could easily have done so?

III. HELPS AND COUNSELS

1. Have I pondered the awful meaning of the Saviour's words: "If anyone scandalize one of these my little ones, it were better for him that a millstone be hanged around his neck and he be cast into the depths of the sea?"

2. Have I tried to cultivate a genuine zeal for souls, which will show itself first and foremost by a ceaseless effort to prevent sin?

3. Have I a wholesome hatred of human respect, which makes so many people afraid to try to prevent sin?

4. Have I realized the far-reaching power of my example, which influences others for good or bad even when I am unaware of that influence?

5. Have I an earnest desire to offset the power of Satan, who is constantly trying to lead others into sin?

6. Do I guard my words and conduct especially in the presence of children, knowing their great susceptibility to imitate older people?

7. Do I remember these words of Christ, which apply to sins against charity as well as to deeds of charity: "Whatsoever you have done to the least of my little ones, you have done it to me?"

BALLADE OF A MOVIE-COLUMN READER

If you should hear a muttered curse,
And see my brow grow dark with rage —
No need to call a special nurse,
I've only read the movie page.
Just keep my pistol out of reach,
Let daggers be removed from sight,
It may be I will howl and screech
But there will be no cause for fright.

"Miss Oliver is getting old,"
"Miss Bennett has her third divorce,"
"Bob Taylor's shirts are blue and gold,"
"And Garbo's ancestors were Norse.
She only makes twelve grand a week,"
"Clark Gable is a regular guy,"
"Miss Glamour's new Rolls-Royce is sleek,
Her favorite drink is Rock-and-rye."

It will not do me any harm
To beat my head against the wall.
Pray, be at ease; take no alarm —
I've read Miss Parsons' stuff, that's all.
And if I roll upon the floor,
Then rise and loudly stamp my feet,
You needn't lock and bolt the door —
It's only Fidler's scandal sheet.

L'ENVOI

Prince, do not think that I'd be sad
If someone called you "fool," I should
Agree with him, and then I'd add:
"You'd like it out in Hollywood."

— L. G. Miller.

END OF AN ERA

This is no plea for dictators. It would be nice, though, if our home grown variety of dictators, viz., newspaper owners and publishers, could grasp the sense of the parable.

E. F. MILLER

IT HAPPENED in the year 1980 that one of those dictators so popular in Europe came over to the United States and took over. He was a kindly dictator (contrary to custom), allowing people to drink real coffee and real tea and even have orange juice on their table for breakfast. Neither did he go into Mexico to protect the Mexicans from Mexico, nor into Canada to protect the Canadians from Canada. However, he was a dictator, and he had to do some suppressing to be worthy of his name. What would people think if he permitted the pursuit of happiness to go on without iron fists and heavy (military) heels flattening it out a bit here and there?

He looked over the field carefully, and examined without prejudice the various institutions and organizations, the customs and traditions, the rights inalienable and acquired that are of the fibre of this great commonwealth. Each one he checked off the list as undeserving of suppression. He could not very well demand that all the homes of the country be leveled, for he knew quite well that his throne rested on the homes as on a foundation. And naturally he could not order that all private initiative be dissipated by the simple expedient of putting everybody in the army, although some of his brothers in the union of dictators, and even those who wore less braid and fewer buttons on their bosoms than he, had done just that. Initiative was the heart's blood of any nation. As to religion men simply had to worship God according to their conscience or be useless both as men and as citizens. Also he saw the need of letting people earn a living when and wheresoever they desired without unwarranted interference from the state. All these things had to go on for the common good of all.

Thus the dictator came to an impasse. He found himself in a quandary. He had to do some suppressing or give up his name and his medals. Yet he could not find anything to suppress. Long nights he spent in pacing up and down the ancient floors of the House of Representatives, and in pondering. Then, as though an inspiration had come

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upon him, he saw the light. His throne was saved. He would suppress the newspapers and a good number of the current magazines. He would do this not in the spirit of persecution, but only in a spirit of helpfulness and humanitarianism. Men had to be rescued from the lions who were daily consuming them, and yet never allowing them to die.

Let it not be thought that the dictator did not do intensive research before he promulgated his decree over a spider web of networks. Attired in a false beard and a double-breasted, plain blue coat, he rode street cars and trains, stood loitering on corners, and played pool in beer parlors. With a discerning eye and with that genius for observation which all dictators have in common with Sherlock Holmes and the F.B.I., he took in much information and stored it away in compartments in his capacious mind. The OGPU and the Gestapo he did not use at all in his investigations, for these competent organizations he did not think necessary in the land of his adoption.

What he found out was this: A people forgetting how to read anything that was written in words of more than three letters or in sentences that were more than simply declarative; and a people forgetting how to talk except in a jargon unintelligible to man or angel. He attributed this (in part) to the fact that the papers and some of the magazines never printed anything above the intelligence of a fifth grade child or a patron of cafes in New York City. They printed jargon, and dealt (in part) with matters that not only caused great pain, but that also had little bearing on the improvement of the race. He is reported as having said to three generals in the Supreme Court building one day that if these journals had passed for documents of humor, or more prosaically for joke books, he would not have been concerned. But people were taking them seriously as though their content were worthy of close attention. That was a horse of another color. And the only solution was drastic action at once. So he said.

THE day of the promulgation of the decree for the suppression of all public and non-sectarian newspapers was a memorable one for the country. The sun was shining brilliantly from a spotless sky. Birds with song upon their lips were flying from government building to government building. Just the gentlest of breezes put in motion the leaf-laden branches of the mighty trees on Pennsylvania Avenue and in the surrounding forests. Flowers spread their perfume on a tranquil

air and made their presence felt by even the most benumbed and wizened banker who came from Wall Street on the morning B & O to hear the news. All nature conspired to lend its charm in the fashioning of the memorable event.

The dictator with his by now well-known flair for the correct and the traditional had a studio erected in his home. Within this studio and before a battery of microphones he addressed his people. He used no paper; his gestures were sparing; he spoke from his heart. It was not a speech that he gave, but rather a chat, a homely little chat detailing the reasons for his command.

The reception of the news was nothing short of astounding. No sooner had the last word died in the last radio and a refrain (from a record) begun in favor of a beer that tastes like beer, than the streets commenced to swarm with citizens. There were parades and parties, confetti and snake dances. Huge bonfires were built in public squares, and the material for the bonfires was the latest edition of the daily paper and the last issue of the national and international magazine. From innumerable throats came the joyous cry: "No more Dick Tracy. Hurrah. No more Dorothy Dix. Hurrah. No more pictures of corsets and cures for lazy livers. Hurrah. No more Walter Winchells and pontificating and dogmatizing editors who have elected themselves as popes. What joy. Hurrah. Hurrah." Even the officers of the law joined in the hilarity of the people, and for three full hours all men were brothers. They had found a common cause.

A huge multitude assembled before the White House and demanded that the dictator make an appearance on the East balcony and honor by a wave of the hand his liberated subjects. At length he appeared, and in a few well-chosen words voiced his appreciation for the demonstration, and promised that in the near future he intended to study the radio situation, and if his findings warranted it, he would issue the necessary orders for the beheading of all crooners, swingband leaders, and propagators of morning serial programs. Bob Hope and the dulcet-throated advertisers he would simply turn over to the people. Back-slapping, hat-throwing and jumping up and down greeted this announcement. Teeth were bared in an anticipatory relish while mouths watered freely. The pandemonium was so general and so exuberant that only an offer of free ice cream (a dish to a person) succeeded in dissolving the crowd.

IN THE days and months that followed the decree it was learned that the dictator's bill was not all teeth although there were some die-hards who would have had the country believe just that. The dictator elaborated his pronouncement by saying that he was not against the newspaper *in se*, that is, he was not against the *idea* of the newspaper. He cited names of great journalists of the past — men whom he admired very much — in proof of his sincerity. And he was willing, in fact he urged that the science of journalism flourish once more throughout the land. But he wanted a new start to be made. New formats, new ways of presenting news, and above all, different matter from that which spotted the pages previous to the memorable day of his broadcast. He called to the White House the leading publishers of the country, and held long discussions with them as to the ways and means of establishing and making firm this new start. Two years passed by while these discussions were going on.

Meanwhile writers and reporters were beginning to get the feel of a shovel and the handle of a machine, and their health improved in consequence. The old red appeared in their faces, and the appetite grew. But the greatest change was noted in the country at large.

It was observed now by the keen-eyed that perennial commuters on local trains between suburbs and downtown offices were wont to carry small volumes of Shakespeare with them as they rode along, and not only carry them, but read them. A man had to do something; newspapers could no longer be bought; conversation so early in the morning was distasteful. And so Shakespeare. Of course some of the books were a bit dusty when they first made their appearance, for they had been resting quietly in the library ever since the newspapers had supplanted them. But the dust soon wore off. And then a strange thing began to happen. It was seen that men became so engrossed in their reading that the conductor had to cry aloud in their very ear when their station was reached. They were loathe to tear themselves away from the beauty they had discovered. And they would saunter down the aisle, still reading, still lost to the world around them.

We were also told that the same phenomenon was observed in the homes throughout the country. Housewives who formerly concerned themselves (after the dismissal of their husbands) with an hour's reading of the style page and the letters written to Barbara Van Dyke on the feature page were now tucking away an hour with Samuel Johnson

and Francis Thompson. While the dishes still suffered, the mind of America improved by leaps and bounds. It was mass conversion.

The results of all this were twofold. Conversation came back into its own. Compound and complex sentences were again put into use, and no word was ever used unless it expressed exactly the idea in the speaker's mind. When husbands came home from work and kissed their wives hello, they immediately fell into talk that not only could boast of periodic structure and an easy flow, but which had all the elements of original and creative thought. And their wives would answer them in kind. So stimulated had their minds been by the reading of the day that sometimes supper would be an hour late before anyone would think of the needs of the stomach.

The second result was that classic plays once more found an audience. For a long time only *Tobacco Road* and *Gone With the Wind* could fill a theatre. But now the wealth in such fine old authors as Shakespeare and Dante was discovered. Now theatres had to be built in the various sections of all cities in order to accommodate the pressing crowds. And best of all, boys and girls in grade school began to write stories and plays after the classic tradition. There were no more pulp magazines to imitate. They had to draw on the very best that was in them to suit the fastidious taste which had come upon the people.

THE dictator is wondering now whether it would not be a good idea to let the newspapers go for good. But no. He is an honest man. He promised the publishers and journalists that he would second any effort they might make in producing something new. It is evident that they have produced it. The first edition is promised for the near future. But it seems from whispered reports that are making the rounds that there will be a new department in the government. It will be called the department of newspapers — just like the department of agriculture, and the rest. The gentleman in charge of this department will have the duty of examining, and of continuing to examine all the papers that are sold on corners and that find their way into homes. If he has a doubt about one or the other, he is empowered to put it up to a vote of the people to find out their will in its regard. This would be democracy at its best.

And that, children, away back in 1980, was the end of the era of inconsequential journalism in the United States.

PROPOSAL

D. F. MILLER

It would be a gross understatement to say that John was nervous. It would be more truthful to say that he was in a state bordering on prostration. For John had made up his mind, and, as it were, taken a solemn oath unto himself that tonight, within another three or four hours, he would offer his hand and heart to the girl of his dreams in marriage.

For three weeks he had been preparing himself for it. There was need of preparation, he was convinced. On the outcome of his appeal hung the success or failure of his whole life. Without Mary he might as well be dead. But if he should make a mistake in presenting his case, if he said the wrong thing, or failed to say the right thing, Mary might refuse him and that would be the end of him.

For that reason he had put a great deal of thought into what he would say. He had spent hours in the public library paging through famous novels to find examples of how heroes proposed to heroines. He learned a lot about stars and moonlight and angels and heaven, as these things are reflected in the charms of a maiden. He read poetry and got lost among "inextinguishable fires of loveliness" and "limpid pools that are eyes" and fragrant bowers "whose variegated beauty compares not with thee."

Then he himself wrote a compendium of all the nice things he had read. Rather he wrote about two dozen of them, tearing up each previous one in something akin to despair. Lastly, he practiced saying what he had written aloud before mirrors and silently as he walked the street; before his desk at work and in front of Mary's picture on his dresser. . . . He was ready.

Came the fateful hour. They had spent the evening at a movie, followed by a lunch in a crowded eating place. They talked about everything. Strange, thought John, how hard it is to work up to a subject like the one he had in mind. They got farther and farther away from it all the time. Baseball, in which John had but a faint interest. Taxes, which didn't bother him. The movie, which was a "washout." There were no approaches. . . . Panic seized him. . . . They were in a taxi . . . they were close to Mary's home . . . she was getting out. . . . The cab-driver was holding the door. John was holding Mary's hand in farewell. "Mary," he said, "will you marry me?"

The cab-driver looked down the street and then up at the stars. He slid behind the open door of the cab. Shyly, with a gentle squeeze of the hand that held hers, Mary said: "Yes, John." Then she was gone.

Mary knelt beside her bed. She was trying to say her prayers. She wasn't succeeding. Her mind was racing. "I'm engaged," she kept saying. "He asked me to marry him. He said the most beautiful words in the world. He said: 'Mary, will you marry me?' and I said: 'Yes, John.'"

EASTERN RITE CONGRESS

Catholics in Chicago, and others who wish to travel there, will have a unique opportunity this June: that of observing the splendor and beauty of the liturgy as carried out in the Oriental rites.

W. T. CULLEN

IN JUNE of this year there will take place in the city of Chicago a Eucharistic Congress unique in this, that the clergy and faithful participating will be Oriental Catholics; the services will not be held in Latin, the ceremonies, even the Mass, will appear strange to outsiders and most unusual as well as the vestments and church music, for everything is to be celebrated according to one or the other of the Eastern rites.

There will come hither Syrian priests and archimandrites. The Ukrainian bishops and priests of the United States and Canada, Magyar priests who say their Mass in ancient Hungarian, the priests of the few Rumanian and Armenian Catholics in this country, Italo-Greek priests (a strange combine these days). Married priests as well as celibate; Catholics all.

Amongst the thousands attending, other rites also may be represented, some having no priests or parishes in this country as the pure Greeks, the pure Russians.

There will be monks of Saint Basil the Great, and Slavic Benedictines; Redemptorist and Jesuit and Franciscan priests of the Oriental rite; Sisters of Saint Basil, with two provinces here in the States, and Sisters of the Assumption, beside others not yet anticipated.

There will be bearded priests and smooth shaven, young and old, priests reared in the Faith and others converts, priests who have witnessed to Christ in the old countries under the Soviet and even before, priests ordained as Latins who have taken over the Oriental rite the better to minister to the Eastern peoples here and abroad.

Amongst the faithful, many of the younger folk will be American-born and as staunchly American and modern as any; the older people will be of various tongues, though mostly Slavic: Ukrainians, Ruthenians of Austria, Uro-Russians, Poles, Yugo-slavs, Croatians, a few Catholic Serbs and Bulgars, beside the Hungarian and Italian elements in this rite, and of course the Syrians, Rumanians, and others.

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Mass, or more properly, the Holy Liturgy, will be sung each day in some one of the Eastern Rites: the Byzantine or the Antiochene; meetings and services are scheduled at different points about the city; sermons are to be preached on the Eucharist, and Benediction given each evening. And the object of all is to foster among the Eastern people greater love for and devotion to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

TO A Catholic who has never had contact with his brethren of the Oriental rites these things will appear extraordinary; he may wonder at the bishops with their high bejewelled crowns that serve as mitres, their crosiers which are not the shepherd's crook, but long, serpent-headed staves, the priests with tall brimless hats and flowing veils, all arrayed in great colorful garments, at first sight not unlike Gothic vestments.

The Mass will be offered not by one celebrant but by several co-celebrants at the same altar, with any number of deacons, all amid the glorious singing of Ukranian choirs and the strange exotic threnody of Syrian chanters.

The services will be altogether different than any the Latin Catholic has seen, and longer, with the people standing or kneeling according to their devotions, for the Eastern Mass is replete with litanies and antiphons interwoven among the beautiful rites and ceremonies.

In the ranks of the clergy, will be found Latin bishops and priests, and hundreds of Latin Catholics among the laity, all in adoration before the Sacrament of these Eastern altars to testify to the unity of faith and government in Christ's Church, East and West.

For many of us the term *oriental* may connote the people of only the Far East; but those, too, of the near East — Eastern Europe and the Western fringe of Asia — are likewise rightly named Orientals. And since in early times, the world was almost sharply divided into East and West, each with its own languages and customs, a difference carrying over into religious matters, the Christian peoples following Eastern ways became known as Eastern, or Oriental, Catholics, followers of what grew to be the Oriental rite.

And during the centuries, these have clung to their traditions which, though odd-seeming to us, have the full approval of the Holy See. Too, these Easterners, it should be remembered, are as thoroughly Catholic as ourselves, having a most important role in the life of the Church, prov-

ing the Church to be universal and not, as our enemies contend, merely a Western survival.

For in all parts of the East in the midst of schism and persecution, these Catholics have endured or sprung again into being: in Greece, a thousand years in schism, with a church still united to Rome; in Russia proscribing Eastern usages to Catholics, with its faithful secretly following their rite; in Syria, neither Western nor Latin, true in allegiance to the chair of Peter in its Melkite and Maronite Christians; in the lands of the Slav, of the Chaldean Catholics, of the Jacobite converts on the coasts of India, the Copts of Egypt, the Ethiopians adhering to Rome.

THE five hundred thousand who in the United States, in the midst of Western Catholics, make use of the Eastern rites will be well represented at this Eucharistic Congress of the Oriental Church; and the Ukranian bishops have no doubt chosen this time that the Eastern Congress at Chicago from June 25-29 may be a continuation of the Eucharistic Congress at St. Paul and Minneapolis June 22-26, — a beautiful gesture by which the Eastern peoples may show in their own rite the same love for our Lord as their Latin brethren, affording likewise for those leaving the Eucharistic gathering at St. Paul an opportunity to worship here also with the faithful of the Oriental rite.

Congress preparation will be in charge of the superior of the Basilian monks in Chicago, Father Ambrose Senyshyn, O.S.B.M. the pastor of Saint Nicholas Ukranian Greek Church, the largest and most imposing of its rite in America. And though the event is under sponsorship of the four Ukranian hierarchs: — Bishop Constantine Bohachevsky, of Philadelphia; his auxiliary, Bishop John Buczko; Bishop Basil Takach, of Pittsburgh; and Bishop Basil Ladyka, O.S.B.M., of Canada, — all the Eastern rites have been invited and will take part.

For many Latin Catholics drawn thither by devotion, or curiosity, this congress will be the noblest introduction to the rites of the Eastern Church, bringing home to them in a most impressive way the piety and Catholicity of our Eastern brethren: an introduction and impression in places sorely needed.

For in many a city where stands a church of the Oriental rite within the limits of a Catholic parish, both its meaning and its people are often gravely misunderstood. "Why do they have to have another church if they're Catholic?" ask the doubtful, "they just pass up ours and go over

there. And the queer way they do things. And they say the priest is a married man."

The Eastern people frequent their own churches for the same reason that we Latins frequent ours, because they belong there by church law, although they may attend Latin churches and receive the Sacraments just as Latin Catholics may attend theirs.

And the manner in which their liturgical functions are conducted, is hallowed by tradition and sanctioned by authority; not at all queer to them, and entirely suited to their native genius and reverence.

As to their priests being married men, it should not be news to the educated Catholic that celibacy of the clergy is not a divine institution, but a matter of discipline, which having first begun as a self-imposed obligation and later taking on the force of a law, solemnly binding, is not yet universal. In the Eastern rites married men have for centuries been ordained priests, and here in America, while many of the Eastern priests are celibates, others are not. Eastern Catholics cannot understand why Latins are shocked or scandalized at this; to them it does not appear unusual, and is certainly not wrong. Their priests at ordination simply do not always assume the obligation of celibacy, as does the Latin priest. No priest, however, East or West, ever marries *after* ordination.

WHILE Latins should be encouraged to acquaint themselves with the services of the Eastern rite, it is deplorable that the Eastern people, especially the young, are frequently dissuaded from attending Sunday Mass and other functions in their rite on the plea that the Liturgy lasts too long, or that their church is at too great a distance. They are at times told by well meaning friends that, this being America, they should come to the shorter Mass at a close-by Latin Church, and gradually they are drawn to forsake their own rite — a growing occurrence amongst the younger element, not too familiar with the church Slavonic used in the their ritual.

To stop this "leakage" among those of their church and to give the American born Byzantine Catholics a knowledge of the Liturgy and an appreciation of their Eastern heritage, a number of Slavic priests and others have edited pamphlets and books on the customs and services of the Oriental church. Amongst the handiest of these is the English booklet by the Very Reverend Leo I. Sembratovich: *The Divine Liturgy*.

of *Our Father among the Saints*, John Chrysostom; also, from the viewpoint of the scholarly layman, is the work by the late Andrew J. Shipman, L.L.D.,—*The Holy Liturgy according to the Greek Rite*. And in Slavonic there are a number of prayer-books and missals in Roman print for those who do not read the Cyrillic type.

A group of American religious earnestly engaged in the apostolate among the Slavs and devoted to a return to a pure Liturgy in the Eastern Church, are the Benedictine monks of Saint Procopius Abbey, Lisle, Illinois, who publish an admirable monthly: *The Voice of the Church*, designed to create understanding amongst Catholics of the different rites, and between Catholics and those of the Eastern peoples, not yet gathered to the one Shepherd.

It is devoutly to be hoped that this forthcoming Eucharistic Congress will serve as a sacred call to amity on the one hand and unity on the other, that Latin Catholics may be thus more closely united in the bonds of faith with their Eastern brethren, and the millions of Orthodox here in America seeing the grandeur of this recognition offered to their venerable rite may be drawn thus to that Church which shows forth its lasting beauty as well in unity as in diversity.

Horse Laugh

The well-known horse-race announcer, Clem McCarthy, recently broadcast a race in which a "long shot" came in first and paid handsome returns to his backers. After the race, reports PM, he took his portable microphone to the winner's circle, where the horse was surrounded by excited people. He kept trying to get different persons to answer questions for the radio audience, but was simply ignored in the pandemonium. Every time somebody ignored his questions, which were coming over the air, he would fill in by saying: "My, my, everybody's excited but the horse."

The fourth time he said these words, a loud crash sounded through the loud-speakers of the radio audience. Silence followed for a few moments. Then a calm voice, not Clem McCarthy's, said over the air:

"Just a moment, folks. The horse has just kicked Clem McCarthy."

—THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN—

L. F. HYLAND

The saddest of all shut-ins are those who do not possess the peace that comes from knowledge that they are in the friendship of God. Some do not possess it because they do not know God; others because they have been taught not to love God but to fear Him; others still because, having sinned or drifted away from God, they are afraid of confession, the means that would bring them back to His love again.

The last of these three classes is the saddest, because those who belong to it are torn by conflicting thoughts and emotions. They know what God is asking of them, but they feel it would be so difficult a thing to do. Bodily suffering intensifies the feeling of difficulty. They waver between confidence that they will get well again and be able to make a confession like other people, and despair that they won't get well and won't have another chance. Sometimes they get angry when a priest visits them, suspecting a plot to drag a confession out of them; at other times they find themselves wishing a priest would come that they might blurt out a confession. Thus mind and heart wrestle with one another as Jacob wrestled with the angel.

One longs for a compelling means of making easy for such persons the things they fear and dread. What should they fear? God? He is the essence of mercy and forgiveness, and may have permitted their misfortune just to create an occasion for their restoration to His friendship. The priest? There are many different temperaments among priests, but if all the different types have anything in common, it is tenderness and gentleness with the sick and suffering. Confession itself? If sick people (and healthy people too) only knew how easy it is for a priest almost to make a confession for a penitent of good will, they would not allow themselves to be held back by the thought that going to Confession is a laborious, nerve-racking experience. There is really nothing to fear but phantoms of the imagination; unreal spectres that have no substance at all.

The joy that always follows on such a confession is impossible to describe. Every priest has witnessed it, and longs to witness it again. If any shut-in reads this who needs confession, let him hesitate no longer. Let him call for a priest, mention the word "confession," and that indescribable joy will be his.

SOCIAL JUSTICE FORUM

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Being a talk given to a large group of Catholics to signalize the jubilee of *Rerum Novarum*. A summary that every Catholic should know.

W. H. REINTJES

IT IS the practice of mankind to record for posterity memorable events and, when their anniversaries recur, to honor them with befitting celebration. On May 15th of this year the Catholics of the world and all lovers of social justice commemorated the Golden Jubilee of the publication of the immortal encyclical of Pope Leo XIII "On the Condition of the Working Classes."

Those of you who are unfamiliar with this memorable document will naturally ask: "What was the nature of this pronouncement and why was it issued?"

As the name indicates it was a comprehensive treatment of the Social Question, that is to say, of the evils which the working classes suffered as a consequence of life in the modern industrial era.

The main reason for its publication is expressed in the words of its august Author: "Some opportune remedy must be found quickly for the misery and wretchedness pressing so unjustly on the majority of the working class" (RN No. 2 p. 2). Like his Divine Master he "had compassion on the multitude."

I might remark here that, while

this encyclical was written on behalf of Labor and while it affords much more comfort to the toiling masses than to any other social group, still it is not a partisan document. Those who have read it know that Pope Leo neither basely caters to the masses nor obsequiously cringes before the rich. Rather with gently guiding hand he directs all alike to walk in the way of God's commandments.

The great sin of men in Pope Leo's day was that they had turned their backs on God and ignored the teachings of His church. They had forgotten whence they came, why they were here, and whither they were going. As a basic principle of reform, therefore, Pope Leo proposed the following: "If society is to be healed now, in no other way can it be healed save by a return to Christian life and Christian institutions" (RN No. 22 p. 16). Without this as a starting point he knew from the experience of the past that "all the plans and devices of the wisest would prove of little avail." (RN No. 45 p. 35). Hence, he declared that: "No practical solution of the question

will be found apart from the intervention of Religion and the Church." (RN No. 13 p. 9)

Now what are some of the basic principles of social justice taught by Religion and the Church? First in importance is a Christian view of life, of men, and material things.

"God has not created us," he said, "for the perishable and transitory things of earth but for things heavenly and everlasting; He has given us this world as a place of exile, and not as our abiding place" (RN No. 18 p. 12). As this world, then, is but a path to eternity, so the things of this world in God's plan are to be the instruments in winning reward or receiving punishment in the next life.

"All men are children of the same Father who is God . . . all alike have the same last end, which is God Himself, who alone can make men and angels perfectly happy . . . each and all are redeemed and made sons of God by Jesus Christ . . . and . . . from none except the unworthy is withheld the inheritance of the Kingdom of God." (RN No. 21 p. 15). If, then, every man is my brother, I must respect in him "his worth and dignity as a man and as a Christian." (RN No. 16 p. 11).

"The blessings of nature . . . belong to the whole human race in common." (RN No. 21 p. 15). God created nature to nourish all human beings, not merely a chosen few. (QA No. 45 p. 13; No. 58, 60 p. 17-18). Wealth is but stewardship and every man must

use his property as the Creator has ordained. (Cf The Church and Social Order n. 11-12). Consequently, if you possess an abundance of this world's goods you must readily share them with others who are in need. (RN No. 19 p. 13). That you must take this, the Christian, view of material goods Pope Leo reminds you: "as for riches and other things which men call good and desirable, whether we have them in abundance or are lacking them—so far as eternal happiness is concerned—it makes no difference; the only important thing is to use them aright." (RN No. 18 p. 12).

TAKING issue with the false notions of both the Liberalists and the Socialists of his day, Pope Leo defended the rights of the individual and the sacredness of the marriage tie and recalled for us the true purpose of the State.

He insisted that both the individual and the family existed before the formation of any State and, consequently, have those God-given rights spoken of in the Declaration of Independence, namely, the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. (Cf RN No. 7-11 p. 5-8; No. 28 p. 21).

In describing the purpose of the State the Pope said: "The foremost duty therefore of the rulers of the state should be to make sure that the laws and institutions, the general character and administration of the commonwealth, shall be such as of themselves to realize

public well-being and private prosperity" (RN No. 26 p. 19). Compare this with the Preamble to our Constitution and you will see how both are in perfect agreement.

As a means of doing away with industrial strife and of drawing employer and employee together "in friendliness and good feeling," Pope Leo reminded each of his duties.

"Religion," he said, "teaches the laborer and the artisan to carry out honestly and fairly all equitable agreements freely entered into; never to injure the property, nor outrage the person, of an employer; never to resort to violence in defending their own cause, nor to engage in riot or disorder; and to have nothing to do with men of evil principles; who work upon the people with artful promises of great results, and excite foolish hopes which usually end in useless regrets and grievous loss." (RN No. 16 p. 11).

Turning to the employer Pope Leo reminded him *that* his first and principal duty was to pay every one what was just, that is, a living wage (RN No. 17 p. 12; No. 34 p. 25-26); *that* he must respect the dignity of his working men, and not treat them like machines—to get as much work out of them as possible—nor look upon them as a commodity—to bargain for their services as cheaply as possible just for a little extra profit (RN No. 16 p. 11); *that* he must be considerate of their bodily and spiritual welfare, never taxing them beyond their strength or employing them in

work unsuited to their age or sex, allowing them time for religious duties, maintaining a moral atmosphere in office and factory, and not permitting them to neglect their home and family (RN No. 16 p. 11, No. 32-33 p. 23-24); *that* he must accept the principle of representative government in dealing with his men, allowing them to organize and bargaining collectively with them through their freely chosen representatives. (RN No. 36-38 p. 28-29)

NOW in reminding the employer of his duties the Church does not undertake to teach him how to manage his business, but rather how to live and act as a Christian and how to keep the moral law in the midst of his business activities. Remember, too, it is not merely what a man does on Sunday that is going to send him to hell or get him to heaven; it is also what he does the rest of the week—at his work, in his business, and at his recreation.

From this brief summary of basic principles taught by Pope Leo we can readily see that social justice consists not in mere talk but in action, in thinking of others as well as of ourselves, in living not for ourselves alone but in using our time, our talents, our material goods to promote the good of all.

And now that the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of this memorable document of Pope Leo XIII is here, what can we do to celebrate it in a fitting manner? Perhaps, the best and most prac-

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tical way will be to procure a copy of it and read and master its contents. Once we are acquainted with Catholic social teachings our duty will be to spread them far and wide, but above all we shall have to apply them in our daily lives. In this way we shall fittingly celebrate this important anniversary, and at the same time we shall be doing our part in establishing on earth the reign of social justice.

Ten Best

We have ten best book lists, ten best movie lists, ten best news-story lists, and ten best of many other things. The *New York Times* brought out a new list this year—well worth its researches. It was a list of the ten most popular and patronized animals in the New York zoo. They are:

The giant panda
The bongo
The giraffe
The orangutan
The gnu
The hippopotamus
The okapi
The musk ox
The elephant
The giant armadillo

Look them up on your next visit to a zoo!

Don't Be Like

The man who hears the man in the room above him drop one shoe on the floor before retiring, and who remains awake all night waiting for him to drop the other shoe.

The man who must blow his automobile horn when he is behind another car at a traffic light, even though the light has just changed, and the first driver has not had the chance to do as much as to touch his accelerator.

The man who sees a Nazi in every German, a dope-peddler in every popcorn vender, a spy in every be-whiskered face, a germ on every fountain, a cancer in every pimple, a *crook* in every politician, an evil motive in every magazine article, *dirt* in every joke—and perfection in himself.

THE CONVERSION OF AMERICA

Some aspects of a problem that is frequently given too off-hand a treatment. The solution points directly at *you*.

F. L. VICKSTROM

YOU may have heard it said, as I have a dozen times, that if only all Catholics would live up to their religion, the world would become Catholic in one, two, five, or some round number of years. I don't believe it. Human nature being what it is, there will be no time when all Catholics will be faithful to their God and to their Church. History and our own experience with things and people as they are tell us that much. The life of man is a warfare, a series of advances and retreats, of some victories and not a few defeats. While it might be wonderful to contemplate in fancy a world in which every soul simultaneously was victorious over the forces of evil within and without him, it remains only fanciful.

Two thousand years of Catholic Christianity have shown us very definitely that this world is made up of good and evil. This is the world God created, but it is nonetheless the world for which the Prince of Evil wrestles. Ceaselessly the devil seeks to make this kingdom his own. And it is in just this very struggle of Darkness against Light that the wheat is sifted from the chaff, the weak fall, the strong grow stronger still, human-beings make their eternal bed — Heaven or Hell!

Like the poor, the evil we have always with us. Against them we try our spiritual muscles; through them and in spite of them and around and over them Christian souls mount the steep steps of a personal Golgotha following the blood-stained steps of a Crucified Saviour.

The world never has been even very nearly converted. But there have been Saints, even fairly large groups of Saints. Most of these holy men and women earned their celestial spurs because they lived and dealt with other men and women who were quite unholy. If we are to trust the testimony of history, there is little to make us believe that the world will come to Christ as "the world." Ah! but there is the crux. We are not dealing with "the world" when we speak of conversion to Christ. Rather we deal with individual, personal souls. There I see hope. Christ thirsts for souls. Souls thirst for truth, for good, for happiness. To

bring them Christ, to break the bread of truth to them — ah! that we can and must do in America!

LET us for a moment size up this tremendous country of ours. America offers a vast if not a fertile field for the conquest of souls. Approximately 132,000,000 Americans live under the blessings and peace of the Constitution and Democracy. The United States calls itself a Christian Nation. Yet, out of the total population how many people have any formal connection with Christianity? Less than half! About 70,000,000 of the citizens of our country are churchless, religionless, and I may say hapless! And I mean just that. They dwell on shifting sands. Between their own moods, feelings, and emotions and the blood-sucking of quacks, charlatans, yogis, pseudo-scientists and other brands of fakers they are the most miserable and unhappy people that ever fumbled the worth-while things in life. Of the remaining 60,000,000 church-going citizenry, at least half are of the wrong persuasion, victims of the grudges of sixteenth century "reformers", remnants of the scattered army of Protestantism. The Catholic minority thus lives amongst a host of potential recruits to the true Faith. But this situation, while it may have presented but a few years' recruiting work under the methods used by the early Christians, to the twentieth-century American Catholics presents a puzzling problem.

We know that a small quantity of yeast can leaven a great quantity of wheat. But it remains true at the same time that one rotten apple can eventually spoil a whole box of apples. That is the situation in America. It is not only a case of a majority of weaker brethren among Catholics themselves, not merely a pitting of Catholic Faith and Action against the influence of Protestants and Pagans, but it is very much a case of Catholics in the box half filled with rotting apples.

Life to a great extent for any man is molded by circumstances and environment. When five out of every six people the Catholic meets are non-Catholics with ideas, philosophies, morals, and manners so utterly different from, if not incompatible with the tenets of Catholic Christianity, anyone but a fool can see that the Catholic is going to be affected by it all. And when I state these palpable truths thus boldly I do not mean to cast aspersions on the persons or the consciences of our fellow Americans. I only mean to show American Catholics reasons why they

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are what they are, and what are the patent difficulties in getting down to the conversion of America.

That, to my mind, is the picture when we think of America as a mission field for Catholicism. The difficulties come from our own fallen nature, from opposition on the part of the to-be-converted, and from the enervating influence of a neo-Pagan culture on our own lives and efforts. Of course this is but an indication, a short and sketchy generalization of the patent difficulties. Particular conditions and circumstances present individual problems. Let us not, however, amongst our generalizations, lose sight of the spiritual element, the fact of Divine Grace, of our Personal God, of the Mystical Body of Christ and the Militant Church!

WHAT I have said so far sums up the situation with the sources of the trouble that we as Catholic converters of America will meet. But, as I have thus far hinted, and now boldly state, it is not upon a frail human nature or a wavering line of natural ethicists that we place our hope. Such would be foolish in the extreme. Our personal magnetism and inner driving force is built up on a participation in the Divine Life of the Triune God. Like rich red blood pulsating through our veins and bringing strength to our whole body does sanctifying grace vivify our spiritual souls, so that we can, each one of us, cry out with St. Paul: "I can do all things in Him Who strengtheneth me."

Yes, the fact of Grace is tremendous. It is vitally necessary to any plan to convert America. The encouraging note is that it can be so easily tapped by any one who will bend his knees in humble prayer. Our personal salvation and spiritual well-being as well as that which we wish to bring to others depends on how well and how truly we pray. Once we have converted our own hearts to God we are in a fair way to begin on our first fellow American. And we are not alone. Each one of us Christian souls living the supernatural life by sanctifying grace is a member of a great living Body — the Mystical Body of Christ. Moreover we are the fighting members of that Body; we are the Church Militant. It is our vocation, our purpose in life, nay, a duty and a necessity for us to fight.

The enemies with whom we are to lock ourselves in battle? They are the forces of evil wherever we find them. And God knows that we will not have to go out of our way to meet up with them. If we are to con-

vert America ours is not to be merely a cloistered virtue. Let our light shine before men. The Prince of Darkness and his crew of hell ceaselessly go about creating trouble and unhappiness among men. We are the soldiers who must fight the cohorts of evil. Once we are recognized as the Crusading Army for Good, men of good-will will flock to Christ's standard. Hence it is apparent that we must "do" something. Whether we set ourselves to do spiritual and corporal works of mercy or whether we fearlessly champion the cause of truth we must typify in ourselves Catholic Faith and Catholic Action. Thus act and the conversion of America is under way!

Reasons for Tolerance

It was a source of surprise to many that the Japanese Military authorities adopted such a friendly attitude towards the Catholic Missionaries in North China, when they took over that section of the country in the war between Japan and China. The Japanese journalists gave five reasons for this friendliness:

1. We cannot help recognizing the extraordinary influence of the Catholic Church, a Church whose adherents are willing to undergo martyrdom in time of persecution.
2. Catholic Mission Congregations and missionaries rise above political questions and are intent only upon the good of a country and its people.
3. The Catholic religion is a world religion. Buddhism on the other hand is limited to the Orient, while Mohammedanism is not in high regard among the whites.
4. The Catholic Church with the Pope at its head has taken a clear stand against Communism.
5. Thanks to their long sojourn in the Far East, Catholic Missionaries are conversant with matters connected with these countries. They live celibate lives and are animated with a spirit of sacrifice. They meet danger courageously and they do not leave their Christians in the lurch.

All of which may be considered a very fine tribute coming from non-Catholic sources for our unselfish and intrepid Catholic missionaries.

Real Savages

Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia once incautiously asked Father De Smet, the Jesuit apostle of the American Indians, how he was able to live so long and so happily among savages.

"Savages!" exclaimed the old missionary. "The only savages I have met in this country I have met in New York and St. Louis, where live the civilized savages who have received and rejected Christianity."

THE FLIGHT FROM THE LAND

How free are you? You are free in so far as you are an owner, for freedom means independence of the arbitrary will of others. If you own little, you have very little freedom, as is shown here.

L. G. MILLER

ONE of the phrases most unnoticed, I suppose, in the Encyclical Letter addressed by Pope Pius XII to the faithful in the United States more than a year ago was this one: the "flight from the land." With a wonderful knowledge of both the strength and weaknesses of our American temper and spirit, the Holy Father listed fifteen evils which, he said, result from our peculiar "faith in scientific progress to the exclusion of God and the moral order. The ninth in this series of evils was "flight from the land."

It is safe to say that most Catholics who took special note of this phrase wondered briefly what it meant, and then dismissed it as a charming piece of rhetoric. I do not think we can dismiss it so easily. I think the Holy Father had something very definite in mind when he made use of that phrase. He meant to warn us that the trend of population from farms to cities (which until a few years ago was overwhelming) is not a sign that we are becoming more and more civilized; it is not a proof that city life with all that it connotes is the best kind of life a man can lead. "Flight from the land" is nothing less than an evil, the Pope says, arising from our "blind faith in scientific progress," an evil which, if we do not check it, will undermine the very foundations of our country. Flight from the land is an evil, and conversely, return to the land will be good. All this requires an explanation which, if you will bear with me, I shall try to make as clear as possible.

IF WE try to analyze the phrase "flight from the land" a little more closely, we conclude that it means two things. It must be referred first of all to the desertion of farms by the rising generation of young people who were born in the rural districts. These young people, seeing the distress and difficulty of their parents in making a success of farm life, and with mounting desires of "quick money" and plenty of good times have been flocking to the cities in search of industrial employment.

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"Flight from the land" means this, but I think that in the Pope's intention it means something more. It means in general the abandonment of the responsibilities of ownership. In the cities there is taking place a general movement away from the status of the small owner. The sons of small tradesmen, store-keepers, and small manufacturers are not willing to follow in their fathers' footsteps, seeing how their fathers have been all but throttled by the killing competition of "big business," and with a restlessness in their hearts which makes them long for big wages, with no desire for security and stability. In a word, these young people, whether from the city or the country, have reached a point where they no longer look forward, as did their grandfathers and fathers before them, to a "home of their own." They have lost the desire for ownership.

That, I think, is the full meaning of the evil which the Holy Father terms "flight from the land." It cannot be said that this mass abandonment of the responsibilities of ownership has been entirely a free-will choice on the part of those concerned. In the present unbalanced and shifting economic set-up, young people *must* seek jobs in the factories in order to live. The point to be made is that such a condition of affairs is unnatural and abnormal. It is unnatural and abnormal because it is a good thing and a natural thing for every man to be an owner; only if he is an owner can he enjoy to the full that God-given freedom of will which is his highest natural gift.

If these notions seem strange and foreign to many, it is only a further sign of how deeply the disease of non-responsibility has eaten into the soul of the present generation. Before you dismiss these notions as fantastic and impractical, I beg of you to bear with me while I state as simply as possible the argument in their favor.

OF ALL the natural gifts with which a man is endowed by God, incomparably the highest is the gift of freedom. It is the highest natural dignity of man to be free precisely for this reason that it is by the right use of his freedom that he works out and brings to fulfillment his high destiny; it is by his freedom that he achieves the purpose for which he has been placed on earth. Now man as a free creature can fully exercise his freedom only in regard to or in connection with something which he owns. It follows logically that a man is stunted,

he cannot realize his full possibilities as a man unless he owns. Only if he is perfectly an owner can he be said to be perfectly free.

Let us compare the position of two men, and see how this argument is borne out in practice. First, consider the position of a farmer who lives in his own house, on his own land, who raises most of the food consumed on the family table, who takes orders from no one, and is responsible only to God and of course the Church through which God speaks. Compare the position of this man, who is completely and ideally an owner, with the position of a factory worker, who is under an overseer with arbitrary control of the worker's livelihood. Imagine this worker (and it is not hard to do so) living in a rented house, trying to make his salary correspond to the fluctuating prices of food and clothing, in constant fear of being laid off, evicted from his home, and having his family go hungry. I have described two extreme cases so as better to bring out the contrast. Which of these two is more independent of the arbitrary whims of his fellow men? Which of them is in a better position freely to work out his destiny on earth?

As Catholics we believe that the most important thing for a man here on earth is to acknowledge God and give Him love and service. Now it stands to reason that a man who lives in a constant state of insecurity, in the back of whose mind is the constant worry as to what will happen if his immediate source of income is cut off, will not be as apt and ready to give that free service to God which is the cardinal duty of every man.

A few years ago much publicity was given to the plight of the sharecroppers throughout the southern and southwestern states. Many of these sharecroppers, we learned, live in utter misery and squalor. Their children die of undernourishment. Some of them taste nothing but bread and molasses from one end of the year to the other. They never so much as touch a piece of money — groceries are paid for in "scrip." Some of them are so far in debt to their landlords for the shacks in which they live and the very necessities of life that there is no earthly hope of their ever paying it off, and as a result they are nothing more or less than slaves.

Now the fact about these poor people that concerns us here is that they gradually become numbed to the things of the spirit; their one concern in life is to make sure of their next crust of bread; their souls become encrusted and impervious to those higher influences of religion

and beauty by which man shows himself most truly to be man.

Such is the result, at the extreme end of the process, of a man's cutting himself off from his natural right and responsibility of ownership. Most of these sharecroppers are, of course, not to blame for their plight; they are in a real sense the victims of the machine age. But I make bold to state that every step a man takes away from the security and stability of ownership, is one step closer to the insecurity and instability of the sharecroppers. And with every new step he takes towards insecurity, he is more prone to forget God and the reasonable service which God requires.

ON THE other hand, consider the case of the farmer. Of all men, he approaches most nearly the ideal of perfect ownership in a state (not like ours) where agriculture is properly adjusted with industry. This ideal farmer is in close touch with the processes of nature from one end of the year to the other. He plants the seed corn, watches it grow in rain and sunshine, harvests it, and eats it at his own table. It is a common saying that few farmers are atheists, and the reason surely is that there is a certain security and naturalness and simplicity about their life which makes them apt and able to recognize and serve God.

Throughout this discussion I have been using the farmer so exclusively as the model of the perfect owner that it may seem as if I would have all men become farmers. Such an eventuality is, of course, not only impossible but ridiculous in our present civilization. I used farming as an example because it most fully exemplifies perfect ownership, but for many people life in the city is the natural and necessary thing. My point is that for city dwellers as well as for farmers it is an urgent necessity that there be revived the ancient and holy desire of being free as far as circumstances permit. For the farmer this will mean owning his own land and implements and providing as far as possible for his own physical needs from what he raises in his fields. For the city dweller it will mean owning his own home, his own tools, and having enough money in the bank to guarantee him some sort of security in the future.

In the present economic chaos, this is a consummation which seems almost unattainable. I do not think it is unattainable; there are distinct reform movements under way which have for their purpose the break-

ing down of Big Business, the adjustment of Agriculture and Industry; and the restoring to the common man the heritage of ownership which is his by natural right. Meanwhile, we must try to restore to men the idea which many, in the stress of want and insecurity, have lost, that it is possible for all men in the state to be owners, and it is a good and a natural thing for every man thus to be an owner. By doing this we shall be helping to overcome the evil which Pope Pius XIII terms "flight from the land."

Conscription for Safety

Compulsory military training is not something new. In medieval days military service was imposed on all townsmen except the officers of the church. More than that. Even the police force of the town was selected by rotation from among the burghers. It is a question whether the leaving of such functions of protection to the care of professional policemen has not weakened the sense of civic responsibility and done away with an effective means of education. The only practice which we have today that might be likened to the practice of the Middle Ages is that of school boys taking their turns in regulating traffic at crossings during the hours when children are going to and from school.

Important Research

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch has just given the world a startling contribution. After the long and painful process of interviewing 6,052 women, the paper has published a 127 page volume in which are notated clearly and enlighteningly "the department store buying habits, the newspaper reading habits, and the advertising reading habits" of these 6,052 women. Certainly our pain-filled world has been made richer by this information. The *Post Dispatch* is to be congratulated on the good use to which it has put its time.

International Joke

A letter from Lithuania (recently occupied by Russia) to a friend in the United States reports that everything is in fine shape, despite the reports about Russian cruelties. "Everything is just like it was in St. Casimir's in dear old Chicago," the letter declares. The ironical point overlooked by the Russian censor was this: The only St. Casimir's in Chicago is the Lithuanian Catholic cemetery.

MOMENTS AT MASS

F. A. BRUNNER

The Canon: Recommendation of the Offering

After the first catalog of saints, the priest by word and gesture directs all the prayers (and especially the intentions recommended in the *Memento*) to God along with the sacrifice about to take place. He pleads with God and Father for a favorable acceptance of our offering, in a prayer of unusual beauty which received its latest form from St. Gregory the Great by his insertion of the words "order our days in thy peace." While reciting this prayer the priest spreads his hands over the oblation in a symbolic gesture of intercession and of union with the host — a rubric found in substance in very early documents.

"This offering, therefore, which we thy servants and thy whole household make to thee, do thou, O Lord, we beseech thee accept in a mood of appeasement; order our days in thy peace, and bid us to be snatched from eternal damnation and to be counted within the flock of thine elect. Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

NOTES:

1. The word "therefore" connects this prayer with the *Memento* which in olden times the deacon finished at this moment, for the priest did not wait for the listing of petitions but continued with the catalog of saints. Now he joins the two by taking up once more the solemn prayer of intercession.
2. The words "we thy servants" are an echo of a time when the clergy as a body attended on the bishop in his celebration of holy Mass. The words refer to all the clerical members of the diocese who participated in the "divine service"; the words are in the plural because all were associated with the bishop in a collective celebration, a concelebration (to use the technical term).

Side Glances

by The Bystander

One of the editors of *THE LIGUORIAN*, in answer to some remarks made about birth-prevention in an article months ago, got more than a sidelong glance on how far some people who still call a priest "Father" and themselves "Catholics" have drifted away from even the fundamentals of reason to say nothing of faith. The letter, written and signed by a reader, is one long snarling cry of rage against priests for daring to tell people that it is a sin to practice wilful birth-prevention. It is filled with sneers at the "affluence of priests" and with repetitions of the ignorant assumption that all priests "have big cars and long vacations in Florida and beautiful dwellings and every comfort and luxury." God help us if the letter gives anything like a picture of what is going on in the minds of many "Catholics." Not because it means that as priests *we* are hated and despised, but because it means that Christ is not even known, or worse, that He is hated, among those who have had an opportunity from childhood to know and love Him.



Of course those who lash out at the Catholic Church and her representatives for preaching that contraception is wrong seldom face the real issue in so many words. They rave about insistence on large families, when the Church, or rather God, commands no one to have a large family. They spurt forth venom at priests because some priests have nice homes and big cars, etc., while they have little homes and little cars, if any. But the real issue is this: Can a man (or woman) live without continuous, uninterrupted, uninhibited indulgence in sex pleasure? The priest proves that it can be done; he has given it up once and for all—forever. The fanatic for contraception protests that this is the last thing he will ever give up; he will give up God and His Church and his soul before he will give up that. Whatever else he has or hasn't got in life, he must have his sex indulgence, and what's more, he must have it without responsibility. That is the crux of the whole matter, but it is usually well concealed beneath a torrent of invective or a maze of non-pertinent considerations.



The priesthood imposes perpetual chastity on those who enter it, and perhaps that is why not so very many volunteer for its ranks. Marriage gives a man a choice: he may live normally in marriage, accepting the pleasures that God designed for it and taking their responsibility as well; or he may limit and deny himself in regard to those pleasures, in whole or in part, and instead of spending all his income on children, spend it on his home, a car, travel, amusement, etc. Either choice means sacrifice, just as the priest's celibacy means sacrifice; either choice may lead him to heaven; but to want "to eat his cake and keep it too"—to demand privileges and reject responsibilities, is to find neither peace on earth nor happiness in heaven. And the tone of the letter on which this is a comment reveals a man who is far from "peace of heart" right now,

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despite all the forbidden joys he is stealing from God, and far from willing to bear the burdens for which Christ made heaven a reward.



It is the fashion for publicists for birth-prevention to build up in people's minds the idea that they cannot get along without continuous sex-indulgence. And they are perfectly right—in regard to people for whom sex is a religion, the only religion at whose shrine they worship. They are also partially right in the sense that the sixth commandment is the difficult commandment; that marriage does assist men and women to live chastely and happily; that it does require great sacrifice, self-discipline and grace to overcome the strongest instinct in human nature (after that of self-preservation) either inside or outside of marriage. But those who have the true religion, which offers them daily Mass, daily Communion, and daily prayer, together with an absolute confidence in God, are not going to permit any snooping, frustrated, sex-obsessed old maids to tell them what they can or cannot do in regard to their sex-lives. They prefer infinitely to have the Church treat them like sane, intelligent, self-governing human beings, saying to them: "You have your choice to make, and a free will aided by the grace of God with which to make it; act accordingly!"—rather than to have a scrawny birth-controller come sneaking into their home and saying to them: "You poor dears! You are so weak and helpless! You simply must have more sex! Don't cry, because we are going to tell you all about it. We have just what you need—with maps and directions and everything." If anything should make a red-blooded man or woman want to reach for a broom or a baseball bat, we believe that is it! Yet they are putting it over on hundreds and thousands of people.



Enough of that subject for a while. We wonder, however, whether it would be out of order to ask some mothers or fathers of large families, who today look back on a life of sacrifice and toil in behalf of the children God sent them, to write us their impressions of whether it was worth while. Nowadays it seems that the only people who get into print are those who are rebelling against God, nature, the Church, priests. Cannot we have a refreshing word or two from representatives of that multitude of faithful Christians who have not been afraid of the yoke and the burden that are Christ's, and who have found them sweet and light? Every priest knows many such people, and every sacrifice they make is a new rebuke to him for even the most ordinary comforts he permits in his daily life. The majority of priests have come from families that endured sacrifice and hardship, and few, if any, would want to go back and live over their youth in luxury and ease. But if a priest tells these stories, they are put down as fiction; why it should be we do not know, but the priesthood seems to make a man an untrusted witness of what the grace of God can do. But if the stories come from the neighbors of the rebels, from the toilers and the burdened in the world, perhaps someone will heed. Any such story sent us would be used without names or places, for the inspiration of the faltering.

Catholic Anecdotes



REVERSAL

KING Louis Philippe's minister of state, Thiers, during a visit to Rome, requested an audience with Pope Gregory XVI. But since he was a Protestant, he made the condition that he should not have to kneel to the Pope or kiss his hand.

When the Pope was informed of this, he smilingly replied that Thiers should do as he pleased.

When the time for the audience came, the French minister entered the room. But as he approached the Pope, a strange feeling took possession of him: he knelt down in front of the Holy Father and kissed his foot. The Pope asked him pleasantly:

"Did you perhaps stumble over something, Monsieur Thiers?"

"Yes," replied the Frenchman, whose wit was equal to the moment, "Truly we all stumble at the greatness of the Papacy."

MODERN MARTYR

WE SEEM to be carried back to the early days of the Christian martyrs when we read the story of a young wife and mother who was martyred during the Spanish Civil War.

She had been kept in a crowded prison near Madrid for some months, and finally one night her jailors came and told her to come with them. Along with some other prisoners, she was taken in a lorry about five miles into the country. There the lorry stopped, and they told the young woman to get out.

"Do you believe in God?" they asked her.

"I believe in God," she replied, "and in Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour."

"Would you renounce God and embrace Communism if we would spare your life and let you return to your children?"

"Not for life or anything you could give me will I deny my God."

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"Then you would prefer to see your God, would you?" The young woman made no answer, but her lips were moving in prayer.

"Look up at the sky," the leader said, "your God is up there, and we will help you to see Him." As she gazed up at the sky, the man walked behind her, and placing a revolver at the back of her head, fired twice. Two bullets passed through her skull, and tore jagged holes in her face.

"May God forgive you," the leader heard her murmur, as he bent over to see if another shot were needed. It was not needed. The young woman had gone to God.

FIDELITY

MORALS in the age of the knights are sometimes described as very loose; it is said that when a knight chose his lady before some tournament of arms, little regard was taken as to whether she was already married.

But there were at least some ladies who were not too lavish with their favors. An old chronicle relates that a knight named Gallhalt le Brun, who had been victorious in a joust of some sort, sent to a fair lady in the audience with whom he had been smitten, this message:

"For you, O, Fair Lady, I have conquered, and I pray you to send me some gift, great or little, as recognition of my devotion."

Thereupon this stalwart woman gave answer:

"Say to him from me that if he hath conquered at the tournament, hath he not had recompense sufficiently high and noble? Say to him from me that I am not a woman to render guerdon to a strange knight. I have my husband, fair and good; he it is who is my friend and my knight; I seek no other but him."

PATRIOTISM

THE indomitable spirit of the Polish nation is well illustrated in the following incident. It occurred during the year 1683, when the Turks seemed on the point of taking Vienna, and thus

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delivering almost a mortal blow to Christian Europe.

Sobieski was mounting his horse in order to go and direct the Christian army in a last desperate defense. Suddenly his wife approached him, holding in her arms her youngest child. Weeping bitterly, she pressed his hand in hers, and embraced him tenderly.

"What reason have you to weep, Madam?" said Sobieski.

"I weep," was the reply, "because this child of mine is not old enough to go and fight at your side like the rest of our children."

DISPENSED FROM VOW

IN THE year 1244, King St. Louis of France became very ill, so that it was thought that he was near death. Great were the lamentations on all sides as for almost a month the King lay on the very threshold of death. Suddenly however he seemed to awake as from a deep sleep, and said:

"The dayspring from on high hath visited me and brought me back from the shadow of death." Then he immediately called to his side the Bishop of Paris and the Bishop of Meaux, and demanded that they give him the Crusaders' Cross, by which he vowed to go on a Crusade to the Holy Land. Reluctantly, the prelates complied.

But the Bishops used every effort to dissuade him, pointing out how much he was needed at home, with war threatened by England and much internal dissension in the kingdom.

"You were in no condition, sick as you were, to make a vow to undertake a Crusade," they said.

But King Louis replied thus to their objections:

"You say I took the Cross when I was not in full possession of my senses. Well, as you desire it, here it is. I give it back to you, My Lord Bishop, the Cross which I took from you. And now," he went on, as the Bishop took from him the dreaded symbol, "now I lack neither sense nor reason, I am not weak or on the point of death. And now I demand that you give me my Cross back again."

Pointed Paragraphs

Everyday Catholic

There was a lady riding a train between St. Paul and Seattle. She was an old lady, probably around seventy, but neatly dressed and dignified in carriage. Although her journey demanded two days and two nights, she was riding in the coach; this necessitated that she gather what sleep she could sitting upright all night, or reclining in that deceptive posture which is neither sitting nor standing, but which the railroads would have you believe is very comfortable.

From her appearance and her gracious way of addressing the conductor, and all others who served her, one would be led to believe that she had seen days of affluence; at least sufficient affluence to allow her to acquire a good education in the amenities of life, and the cultured sensitiveness that would make it impossible for her to give anyone pain.

We thought we had this good lady all solved. And we dropped her from our mind: just another victim of the depression, but one who retained in some strange way the best of that which she had lost. Then came the morning.

Most of the coach passengers, after a night in a reclining chair, come out of their agony gradually. They yawn and stretch: they feel their backs and exercise their necks; they spend an hour in coming back to normal. Then they leap at the colored boy coming by with coffee and sandwiches and consume their breakfast.

But not so this lady. She came out of her fitful (so it must have been) sleep and immediately prettied herself up — even to the extent of adding just a dash of rouge to her fading cheeks. Then came the surprise. Five minutes later I glanced at her again and she had in her hands a prayer-book. This she reverently read for at least fifteen minutes. After that she took out another booklet from her bag, and began to read its print just as fervently as she had the other. Our curiosity was now thoroughly aroused. A quick glance told us that

she was reading to herself the *Mass for Peace*, as it is found in the Missal.

Could it be that she is a mother with a son at one of the camps? Could it be that she is a pacifist like unto the women who regularly storm the White House? I don't think either of these questions, even though answered in the affirmative, would give the reason for her "reading" the Mass.

There is but one answer. She is a real Catholic — of that strong fibre of which saints are made. The Mass was valuable to her all the time — even on a train. And what better Mass could she say than the Mass for Peace?

Mother of Perpetual Help

In May we honored our earthly mothers on Mother's day. In June we honor our heavenly Mother on the Feast of Our Mother of Perpetual Help.

The title *Perpetual Help* is appropriate at all times, for when is there a time that man does not need help? The happiness that is apparent on the faces of many people in the world is only at most a surface happiness. It is testimony of the foolish belief so current in our modern world that if a man is a back-slapping, hilarious, always smiling (as in most advertisements) individual, he must be happy. No, all men have their troubles, public or secret. All men need help in their troubles. Mary has the power of helping them through the graciousness of God and her own extraordinary life. From the beginning she has been called Perpetual Help and from the beginning she has proved that she is deserving of the name.

However, the title Perpetual Help is especially appropriate at the present moment. With two thirds of the civilized nations of the world at war, and the rest threatening to join the others almost any day; with the innocent and the defenseless being killed and maimed; with young men being torn away from their homes; with preparations being made for a depression such as we never saw before — all these terrible evils demand a helping hand which must receive its strength in heaven.

Mary has such a hand, and by it she has soothed a world torn by war more than once before. She can do it again, if we *all* pray

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to her, and ask her to plead with her Son for us. It is understandable that Our Lord should be angry with us. We have let our faith go to pieces quite thoroughly. We have failed in justice of man to man and in social justice. We have violated charity. And purity — we need not elaborate that. Perhaps that is why we are in war.

But Mary can help us in some way. We may not doubt that. Perhaps she can bring the war to an end. But we *must* pray to her. Could we imagine a better time for such prayers than the feast of Our Mother of Perpetual Help?

June Advice

There will not be much sense in giving the usual June address this year. We mean, of course, the address that has for its theme ways and means of getting ahead in business. You know what we mean. You have heard it before. "Be of good character that you may become rich; that you may be a credit to your community; that you may experience that glow of satisfaction which comes to one and all of good character." As far as the boys are concerned it will be so much dust thrown to the wind. Our young men won't be fooling around with business for some time. And they won't be worrying about community life either as far as community life means city life. Most of the boys will be soldiers.

However some very pertinent remarks could be made to the young men concerning their soldier life. And no better remarks could be found than those printed on the card handed to the Catholic soldier when he first comes to camp.

It says on the card that the soldier should become acquainted with the chaplain; that he should pray and receive the sacraments; that he should be clean in body and soul; that he should write home often.

And then the very salutary advice: Do not marry just before entering the army, nor while in the army. A year of separation now may prevent a life-time separation later on.

Graduation speakers, take note!

Young men, take note!

Hasty Marriages

We believe firmly that the point of pre-camp marriages should be belabored with all the vigor at our command. Of course, we are not

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so unreasoning as to deprecate all pre-camp marriages. Some may be perfectly in order, and what is more important, may turn out successfully. But these are exceptions.

A good rule for draftees to follow is this: If you were to remain at your usual job at home, and there were no question of going to camp, would you then seize your girl-friend by the arm and lead her to the altar without further preparation and watchful waiting? Only the unthinking would so act in time of certain peace. Why then should the thinking act like the unthinking in time of threatened war?

Sincere and prayerful preparation is necessary for marriage at all times. Especially is it necessary when for a year or more after the marriage, married life must be an impossibility. That there be at least a year together in order that the proper adjustments be made seems psychologically imperative. Yet, when a young man and young woman see each other at the altar, and then hardly at all for a long space of time, the first foundations of failure are laid.

It would seem that the best arrangement would be for them to remain just good friends until the crisis is over. If a girl has to marry a boy in order to keep him, it does not appear that she will be able to keep him even when they do get married. And the same thing holds conversely.

The year of waiting could be likened to the novitiate in religious orders. No young man or young woman is allowed to take vows unless a year of strict discipline has intervened in order that there may be no doubt as to the wisdom of the particular young person binding himself or herself to God. And the religious life in many respects is easier than the married life.

If two young people can remain good and pure and true to one another for a whole year during which they might have been married, it is reasonably safe to say that their eventual marriage will never end in the divorce courts.

One of Life's Little Embarrassments

"That punch that Joe Louis used to drop me in the first round in Detroit didn't hurt me; it only embarrassed me."
Boxer Abe Simon in *Liberty*.

Well, Abe, you must have been just awfully embarrassed along about Round Eleven.

writer, "who by their crimes have lost grace, address themselves to the Blessed Virgin, for with her they will surely find it; let them humbly salute her, and say with confidence, 'Lady, that which has been found must be restored to him who lost it; restore us, therefore, our property which thou hast found.'"

Again, Mary says, in the eighth chapter of the sacred Canticles, that God has placed her in the world to be our defense: *I am a wall and my breasts are as a tower*. And she is truly made a mediatrix of peace between sinners and God: *Since I am become in His presence as one finding peace*. On these words St. Bernard encourages sinners, saying, "Go to this Mother of Mercy, and show her the wounds which thy sins have left on thy soul; then will she certainly entreat her Son, by the breasts that gave Him suck, to pardon thee all. And this divine Son who loves her so tenderly, will most certainly grant her petition."

With reason does St. Laurence Justinian call her "the hope of malefactors," since she alone is the one who obtains them pardon from God. With reason does St. Bernard call her "the sinners' ladder;" since she, the most compassionate Queen, extending her hand to them, draws them from an abyss of sin, and enables them to ascend to God. With reason does an ancient writer call her "the only hope of sinners," for by her help alone can we hope for the remission of our sins.

No sinner, having recourse to the compassion of Mary, should fear being rejected; for she is the Mother of Mercy, and as such desires to save the most miserable. Mary is that happy ark, says St. Bernard, "in which those who take refuge will never suffer the shipwreck of eternal perdition." At the time of the deluge even brutes were saved in Noah's Ark. Under the mantle of Mary even sinners obtain salvation. St. Gertrude once saw Mary with her mantle extended, and under it many wild beasts — lions, bears, and tigers — had taken refuge. And she remarked that Mary not only did not reject, but even welcomed and caressed them with the greatest tenderness. The saint understood hereby that the most abandoned sinners who have recourse to Mary are not only not rejected, but that they are welcomed and saved by her from eternal death. Let us, then, enter this ark, let us take refuge under the mantle of Mary, and she will most certainly not reject us, but will secure our salvation.



St. Leo applies to our Blessed Lady the words of Proverbs: *Her lamp shall not be put out in the night*. When the disciples doubted, she did not doubt, She saw Jesus weep and believed Him the Joy of Paradise. She saw Him in death, despised and crucified, and although faith wavered in others, Mary remained firm in the belief that He was God. O Virgin Mary, increase our faith!

New Books and Old

Father John O'Brien is well known for his books on Catholic apologetics and his own great success in convert-making. His latest book is a very interesting description of Communism in action,

called *Thunder From the Left*. (Our Sunday Visitor Press, cloth, \$1.50; paper, \$1.00.) A book on Communism may seem untimely at this particular moment when it is Nazism about which most people feel concerned, but the fact is that even if the Communist serpent is lying quiet at the moment, it is none the less a serpent, and we must watch it closely lest it strike us when we are most unprepared. Even if Russia were to join in the fight against Hitlerism, Communism would still be an enemy in its own right of all that we hold most dear. Those who are forgetting this truth in these days of stress should read Father O'Brien's documented account of Communist activities. But only if they have strong stomachs and are not easily affected by horror, for this is no mere theoretical outline of Communism, it is a picture of Communism in action with its immorality and its refined use of torture in all its forms. There are some who keep insisting that although the Socialist ideal has not been realized in Russia, it may still be some day attained. Father O'Brien points out that in view of what Communism has effected, it is a curious piece of nominalism to maintain that Communism has not yet been born. It seems truer to say that the effects of Communism as we see them are the natural and inevitable fruits of a godless and immoral system of thought and government. Father O'Brien sets out to give a fair sample of these fruits, first in Russia and then (for the greater part of the book) in Spain; the conclusion is inescapable that immorality, terrorism and torture are essential parts of the Communist technique. The next time your non-Catholic friend asks you how the

A column of comment on new books just appearing and old books that still live. THE LIGUORIAN offers its services to obtain books of any kind for any reader, whether they are mentioned here or not.

Church could be so blind and benighted as to give her support to the "Fascist Franco" in the Spanish Civil War, just tell him to ponder on these figures: In the territory of the "Republican Govern-

ment" in Spain from the beginning of the war until its end there were 17 Bishops murdered and 17,500 priests and religious — representing about 55 per cent of the Spanish clergy. The total number of victims of the "benevolent Republicans" is estimated at 470,000, exclusive of men killed in action or victims of air raids. To wonder why the Church took sides is like wondering why a man should take sides against the murderer of his mother.

For a biography of a holy person which reads as interestingly as any novel we suggest that you buy, beg or borrow *Mary Ward* by Ida Goerres Coudenrove (Longmans). Born just at the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth in England, Mary Ward lived a life full of change and adventure. As a girl, she knew the mystery and suspense of the years of "priest-hunting"; her own spiritual life seemed nourished by these difficult conditions, and as a young woman she vowed herself to God and absolutely refused to enter a marriage which to her good Catholic parents seemed most prudent and reasonable. Instead she began to go about amongst all classes in London, seeking to bring souls back to the Church. After a time she left England and became a novice of the Poor Clares in Belgium. But suddenly God spoke to her again, and she set out on new and uncharted paths of her own. Against lasting and often violent opposition she organized a society of women to teach and perform works of charity in the midst of society. This seems ordinary enough to us now, but in those days it was unheard of, and Mary Ward was eventually thrown into prison as a heretic. By the order of the

Pope himself, she was released; and in her last years she returned to her beloved England, where she died. The incredible labors and sufferings and the high mysticism of this woman certainly justify Mrs. Coudenove in calling her "one of the most extraordinary women of the 17th century, if not in the whole history of Religious Orders." The story moves along swiftly, with no interruption for dates or unimportant details. This may be considered a drawback by the strict hagiographer, but for the ordinary reader, it makes the book an extremely interesting one.

By Jacob's Well, a Planned Retreat by Most Rev. James Leen, C.S.Sp., is a profoundly spiritual work. It consists of a series of conferences arranged to extend over nine days, on various fundamental points of the spiritual life. There is a beautiful tranquillity about these conferences, and the translation (by Rev. Edward Leen, C.S.Sp., brother of the author and a well-known spiritual writer in his own right) is flawless, but the book is definitely not light reading. The meditations demand thought and attention in order to achieve their effect. If you are willing to give them, you will find Archbishop Leen's conferences a veritable treasure-house for your spiritual life. This well-printed book of 419 pages is published by Kenedy and is priced at \$3.50.

Some months ago Father Albert Muntch issued the third series of his *Conferences for Religious Communities*, (Herder, \$1.75) and they have the same charm as his former volumes. Father Muntch's method is to take a short Gospel text, e.g., "Thy kingdom come," "the laborers are few," "ye blessed of my father," and comment on it in the light of modern temptations and needs. The conferences are not long—eight or nine pages for each—but they contain many very helpful thoughts and hints.

—L. G. M.

Historians have for some time been familiar with the scholarly Nine Volume French Edition of Mourret's History of the Catholic Church; and the value of Mourret's scholarship and research has been increased in America by the faithful and very readable translation into English by the Rev. N. Thompson.

Volumes I, II, III and V have previously been translated and now Volume IV, covering the period from 962 to 1294 has been released by the publishers. Especially worthy of commendation are the 13 complete pages of Bibliography and the 40 pages of double column Index covering this 4th Volume alone.

All Historians, both professors and students, will certainly welcome this translated 4th Volume, and we can but express the earnest hope that Dr. Thompson will continue his faithful, readable translation of the remaining four volumes. Each of these English Volumes is more than worth the price of \$4.00 which has been set by the publishers, B. Herder Book Co., of St. Louis, Mo.

(An important error appears on p. 632, 3rd last line, 3rd word, where the name Dominic is used instead of Thomas. However, the context clearly shows the mistaken name.)—G. L.

Another new book, not to be confused with one of the same title (reviewed in our April issue) is *Happiness In Marriage* (Herder, 90 cents). This has been written for young married people by a priest—Rev. J. Leo McGovern—and a doctor, R. H. D. Lavery. It is something different from anything else we have seen—as can be gathered from a glance at the contents. Its 10 chapters deal with: CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE,—PREPARATION FOR IT,—PURPOSE AND USE OF MARRIAGE,—PREGNANCY,—CHILDBIRTH,—CONFINEMENT,—BAPTISM,—INFANT FEEDING,—MOTHER'S EXERCISES,—EDUCATION. It is really a handy and practical book, not too long for even a busy person to read, yet containing the wholesome, straightforward and commonsense advice of an experienced priest and an experienced doctor.—J. A. B.

CORRECTION: In our review of the Plan Of Life Chart and the History Of the Catholic Church Chart by Rev. E. J. Luke, the name of the publisher was misspelt. It should have been: The Lamberty Co. Inquiries about these excellent charts or graphs should be addressed to them at 77 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

L u c i d I n t e r v a l s

Tailor: "What! You want four pairs of trousers with this suit?"

Patron: "That's right. You see, I've just received a playful St. Bernard as a present."

*

A lady asked a pupil of a Sunday school, "what was the sin of the Pharisees?"

"Eating camels, ma'am," was the quick reply.

She had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

*

For the fourth time, the corporation lawyer conducting the cross-examination led the witness to the accident.

"You say that after the car passed, the man was seen lying on the ground with his scalp bleeding? Did the car hit him?"

"Naw," replied the exasperated witness, "The conductor leaned out and bit him as he went by."

*

"Mummy, that dentist wasn't painless like he advertised."

"Why, did he hurt you?"

"No! but he yelled just like any other dentist when I bit his finger."

*

An epileptic dropped in a fit on the streets, and was taken to a hospital. Upon removing his coat there was found pinned to his waistcoat a slip of paper on which was written:

"This is to inform the house-surgeon that this is just a case of plain fits: not appendicitis. My appendix has already been removed twice."

*

"What's happened? Have you had an accident?"

"No. I just bet Jim he couldn't carry me up a ladder on his neck, and I won."

*

"Goodness, Sarah, what a kitchen!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "Every pot, pan, and dish is dirty. The table is a perfect litter and—why, it will take you all night to clear things up. What have you been doing?"

"Nothing, ma'am," explained Sarah. "Your daughter has just been showing me how they boil a potato at her cooking class in college."

Woman: "I was to have met my husband here three hours ago. Have you seen him?"

Floorwalker: "Possibly, madam. Anything distinctive about your husband?"

Woman: "Yes, I imagine he's purple by this time."

*

Small Child (who has repeatedly been knocked over by the sea): "I don't fink these silly waves want me in their sea, Mummy."

*

"Why didn't you shave this morning?"

"I thought I did but there were twelve of us using the same mirror this morning and I must have shaved some other guy."

*

All the shops are shut, the streets are decked with flags and at night the village squire is illuminated.

*

Now that election days are not far off, it is said that even the Pullman porters are refusing to make up berths for the traveling politicians. Said politicians make up their own bunk.

*

On Saturday night at eight P.M. the annual potato-pie supper will be held. The subject of the sermon on Sunday morning will be "A night of horror."

*

Mrs. Joe ——— gained compliments from her friends and rather upset Joe when she returned from the barber shop with a boyish boob.

*

Dotty: "Try some of my Scotch perfume."

Lotty: "Why Scotch?"

Dotty: "Oh, it keeps its scent." (cent.)

*

A crowd had gradually collected outside the single telephone box, and waited with varying degrees of patience while the man using the 'phone held the receiver to his ear for half an hour. He made no attempt to speak, and his expression was practically blank. Finally, one bolder than the others, opened the glass door and inquired: "Are you speaking to anyone?"

"Yes," the silent telephoner replied, "I'm speaking to my wife."